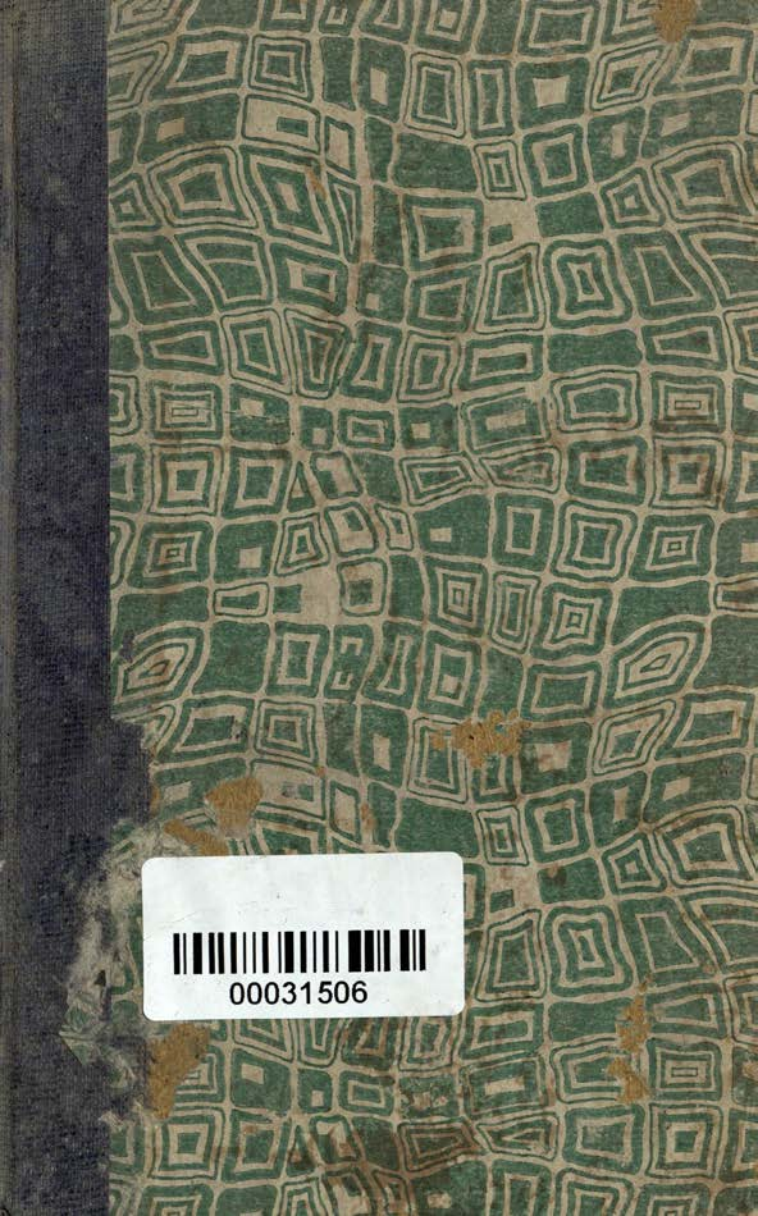
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FRANCIS THE FIRST,

AND OTHER

HISTORIC STUDIES.

VOL. I.

FRANCIS THE FIRST,

AND OTHER

HISTORIC STUDIES.

BY

A. BAILLIE COCHRANE.

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ac

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

EDGAR DRUMMOND.

It is not only as a token of friendship that I dedicate to you these volumes, which were commenced and concluded at pleasant Cadland, but because I am acquainted with few persons who take so deep an interest in historical subjects, and who bring to their consideration a richer fund of knowledge.

ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE.

PREFACE.

IN concluding these slight sketches of memorable characters, I feel as if I were parting from friends who, like others ever kind and true, have consoled me under disappointment and the pain of enforced idleness.

It is in moments of discouragement that the eloquent eulogy pronounced on literary pursuits by the immortal orator of Rome can be best appreciated.

These noble studies, which "afford a generous sustenance to youth, a charm to old

age, which are an ornament in prosperity, a consolation in adversity, a tranquil resource in domestic life, a relief and a distraction in the agitations and surprises of public life."

I have presumed to present these sketches to the public because a similar work which I published about three years since was honoured with a favourable reception. Now, as then, I only attempt to concentrate the attention of the reader on subjects with which he is already familiar; and I shall be well satisfied if it is my good fortune to convey to others some of the pleasure I have derived from dwelling on certain passages of the eventful lives which I have endeavoured to delineate.

In the poems of Francis I., I have endeavoured to convey the spirit of the original rather than to give a literal translation.

ERRATA.—VOL. I.

Page 94, line 15; *for* Sainta *read* Santa.
„ 106, „ 7; *for* opuso *read* opuesto, *and for* spadas *read* espadas.
„ 117, „ 8; *for* palace of Doria *read* Doria Palace.
„ 117, „ 14; *omit* that.
„ 129, „ 6; *for* this letter was addressed, expressed, *read* he wrote.
„ 134, „ 6; *for* illustrous *read* illustrious.
„ 140, „ 9; *for* young ladies *read* damsels.
„ 143, „ 10; *for* cyprus *read* cypress.
„ 143, „ 12; *for* Vega *read* plain.
„ 145, „ 18; *for* charge *read* prisoner.

Francis the First

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are few periods of history of greater interest than that which includes the reign of Francis I., not only on account of the remarkable events with which it was associated—of the rivalry between Francis and Charles V., of the spirit of gallant adventure that characterized the age, of the great names that illustrated it—but because in France, as in Spain, as in England, the reign was connected with a great epoch; it originated new ideas, and a new national life. The curtain rises on a fresh scene, with

important actors and brilliant decorations. It is true that Time never arrests its course, that there is ever around us and within us a constant change and progress. The succeeding days tell each other; not so the successive dawns of the human mind and intelligence; but although the stream of human events is thus ever onward flowing, there are moments in the lives of nations, as of individuals, when the rapidity of the progress seems quite disproportioned to the period of time that it embraces; natures and nations are sometimes subjected to a sudden impulse, when national and personal qualities, the existence of which were wholly unkn[redacted] or only imagined, spring into life vigour.

Such was the case of France at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the period of the Renaissance, when Art and Refinement burst forth, in the flower of their beauty, from the bud which could scarcely be perceived.

The change was a sudden one. Gloomy and dark had been the preceding reigns. The lonely royal residence of Plessy les Tours, surrounded with its moats, its pitfalls, and its snares, was not a greater contrast to the beautiful creations of Chambord and Fontainebleau, than was the character of Francis I. to that of the gloomy, fanatical, superstitious, crafty monarch, Louis XI., who turned France into one vast prison-house. It is true that Charles VIII. and Louis XII. in some

degree prepared the way for a new national life, when during their reigns the nobility exchanged a melancholy existence passed in fortresses situated on rocky heights, or buried in vast forests, for the excitement of the camp and the tumult of the battle-field.

In their campaigns beyond the Alps, Charles VIII. and Louis XII. failed to perceive that they were contending not only for Italian soil, but for the conquest of those arts which were Italy's most valued possession. They indeed looked with wonder on the rare beauty of the cities through which they marched; church and palace, marble and picture, all were objects of never-failing interest. When they descended from the regions of eternal snow, and

Italy, bright as her summer, with her rich and fertile plains, burst upon them, a new light, a new existence seemed to be revealed to their gaze; but nevertheless they left Italy, failing to take with them any of that art-life which France was so greatly deficient in.

For the Alpine range which divides France from Italy, and "the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees" which separates France and Spain, was not more opposed to the rapid progress of armies than to the rapid progress of ideas. While Italy was conquering new worlds of Art and Science, and Spain was discovering new worlds beyond "the melancholy ocean," France remained in comparative darkness. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio had created for Italy a lan-

guage and a literature; schools of art had grown up in every city. Spain had taken a high place in civilization before France caught a ray of a higher intelligence, or had emerged from a dull material existence.

It has frequently been discussed whether the age creates a master-mind, or a master-mind creates the age. It is most probable that the influence is mutual; but assuredly it requires a superior intelligence to bring hidden qualities to light; the statue exists in the marble, but the sculptor must call it into existence. Charles VIII. and Louis XII. had not the power or the intelligence to overcome the habits of a partially civilized society, or to introduce a greater refinement of life into France.

Francis I. came to the throne, and at once, even before an army had crossed the Alps, the youth of the nation seemed to become inspired by the young King, and to have thrown off the lethargy and gloom of the preceding reigns.

Francis I. had an intuitive appreciation of the graceful and the beautiful; he was opposed to the old ideas, as much as to the old walls of the gloomy châteaux. Like his great rival Charles V.,* and our own Charles I., he preferred those pursuits which elevate and refine the mind, and im-

* "The progress of refinement during the first half of the sixteenth century was perhaps more rapid in Spain than in any other country. The iron soldier of Castile became the intellectual vassal of the elegant Italians whom he conquered.—*Stirling's* "*Annals of the Artists of Spain.*"

prove the taste of the people; he was styled —and justly so—the first gentleman in France; he had a natural distaste for all the coarseness and rudeness of life so common to that age, and the Renaissance which came into life with him was not only the new birth of art, but the birth of a new civilization.

Before commencing the sketch of the young King's early life, of the catastrophe of Pavia, and the subsequent captivity of Francis, it is pleasant to pause and contemplate him as the leader of this great social movement, the Protector of the Arts and the Arbiter of Taste. The sun of Italy may have warmed his enthusiasm, but he possessed originally, and as it were intuitively, remarkable discrimina-

tion and taste. During his first Italian campaign, the strictest orders were given to protect all the works of art. Full of admiration for Leonardo da Vinci, when he occupied Milan his first desire was to transfer the Cenacolo to Paris; and when he found it was impossible to possess the work of the artist, he determined, if it were possible, to possess the artist himself. It is well known he induced Leonardo, by magnificent offers, to come to France, as it were, to die; which he did, in the arms of his sovereign, at Amboise, only three years afterwards.*

* In 1814, Louis XII. signed his renunciation of the Milanese in favour of Sforza; and Leonardo da Vinci left Florence. It is related how, having arrived at the frontier, he paused on the summit of a hill, and thence, surrounded by his scholars, who went

Raphael was employed by him on his great work The Transfiguration, when he was carried off by a sudden illness. Andrea del Sarto collected for his galleries many

into exile with him, he made a rapid sketch of the city of his adoption, and then continued mournfully his journey to Rome. Vasari writes:—"At length, seeing himself near death, he confessed himself with much contrition, and although he was unable to stand, he desired his friends and servants to support him, that he might receive the Holy Sacrament out of bed in a more reverent posture. When fatigued with this exertion the king came to visit him, and Leonardo, raising himself out of his bed out of respect to His Majesty, began to relate the circumstance of his illness, and the wrongs he had done both to God and man by not making better use of his talents. In the midst of this conversation he was seized with a paroxysm which proved the messenger of death; on seeing which the King hastened to assist him, and supported him in his bed, in order to alleviate his sufferings. But his divine spirit, knowing it could not receive greater honour, expired in the King's arms."

noble works; but, as will be understood by those who have visited and lingered with interest in the palaces of his creation, the taste of Francis was more picturesque than severe. He preferred art in her light and graceful mood. He loved the soft, pleasing, and refined. Primaticcio and Rosso were welcomed at Fontainebleau, and their pencils adorned the walls of the palace; but he failed to appreciate the greatest of all the masters, and the grand severe works of Michael Angelo possessed no interest for him.

Not satisfied with the possession of the works of others, Francis I. felt that he also could create, and transmit things of beauty and graceful memorials to other ages. Thus it was that later in his reign

Chenonceaux, Fontainebleau, Villers-Cotterets, St. Germain, the Tuileries, sprang at once into beauty, "as by the touch of an enchanter's wand." In many instances the architecture was irregular and fantastic; but the result of the whole is generally successful. Genoa, Venice, Milan, Florence furnished in their palaces models which he imitated. Francis introduced from Italy all that grotesque and arabesque ornamentation which the Italian artists, in the wildness of their rich fancies, delighted to indulge in. At Chambord may be seen the transition from the feudal castle to the highly ornate palace; the moat was filled up, and flower-gardens bloomed in the space formerly devoted to outer defences; the stern watch-towers gave place to light,

tapering, and glittering pinnacles; the massive walls associated with the dark periods of history were removed to make way for constructions in which beauty and light were more considered than security. Italy breathed on France, and Florentines, Romans, Venetians were all welcomed at the court of Francis. Benvenuto Cellini (as many an exquisite model in the Louvre testifies to) and Bramante were friends and companions of the King; and as in former days the nobility vied with the monarch in the joust and tournament, so they now entered into the same race of refinement and extravagance. The Renaissance of the country became complete—it affected the whole taste and feeling of the age; nothing of the rudeness of preceding reigns

remained, and courage began to be tempered with the greatest courtesy.

But far beyond the influence of the sister arts on civilization, there was one influence to which the Renaissance is more indebted than to poet, painter, or sculptor —the influence of women. Courtiers might have been attired in all the splendour of barbaric pomp, their corslets inlaid with gold, their crests have glittered with precious stones; architects might have created galleries, painters ornamented their walls, and poets have described the glory of the whole, and still the mind have remained uncultivated, the manners rude and severe, as in earlier days, but for the appreciation Francis possessed of female merit. From his earliest infancy he had been educated and

cherished by those who, amongst women, were the most womanly, amongst the gentlest the most gentle—by Louise de Savoie, his mother, and his sister Marguerite de Valois—"La Perle des Valois"—"La Perle des Perles," who formed what Francis called the "Trinity of Love." And to these was added in later days his devoted wife Madame Claude de France—she so patient and loving even when neglected. "Celle qui avait toujours des roses dans l'esprit, et jamais d'épines dans le cœur;" and whose device, "Candida candidis," well expressed her character.

These graceful natures rendered his home refined and happy; and he associated, as true natures ever will, the happi-

ness of home with the influence of women He said that no abode, however humble, and no palace, however noble, could be perfect deprived of their presence.

"Une cour sans dames est comme un jardin sans fleurs." And again: "Une jeunesse sans la dame est une année sans printemps, et un printemps sans roses."

These were his own graceful expressions; courtly Brantôme caught the inspiration, and continued in the same strain —"Je n'appelle pas la cour où est le Roi, mais où est la Reine et les dames."

It may well be imagined how, animated by such an influence, the court of Francis became the most refined and admired in Europe. The youth of other countries were sent there to perfect their manners,

and learn the courtesies of life. What a contrast it must have been to the sad and gloomy past! The old châteaux on the banks of the turbulent Loire could scarcely have recognized the Court, so changed in its appearance, so bright, sparkling, and brilliant. Nor did this change involve a loss of the martial spirit, as Italy testified; for the French noble was ever equally ready for the joyous hunt, the gay measure, the tournament, or the battle-field.

Those who desire fully to realize the beauty and the charm of the Renaissance should visit some of the spots rendered so interesting by the genius of Francis. It were well at Fontainebleau to stand in the gallery of François I., and see the

shields, the trophies, the devices, the ciphers, the rich decorations, the beautiful workmanship executed under the King's immediate directions; or at Amboise to read the description of the festal banquets which enlivened those gloomy halls, and dispelled the shadows of their feudal grandeur; or to visit Chenonceaux, preserved in all its perfect detail of ornamentation, even as though it retained all its associations of youth and enjoyment, or, above all, Chambord, so rich in its memories, where even the architectural imperfections add to the beauty of the whole design. Whoever wanders in those halls, or through those courts, which have so often re-echoed to the gay strain and joyous laugh, will see

the withered leaves tossed to and fro when the wind blows mournfully from the lonely forest; and amid the spacious corridors and countless galleries, or in the massive towers, crowned with La Tour de la Fleur de Lys of France, where love symbols and initials intertwined tell the tale of hearts that once beat with deep emotions, of thoughts that breathed, of words that burned, the traveller, when he evokes the spirit of the past, will be aroused from his reverie by the echo of his own footsteps on the marble pavement, as he treads on the dust of ages.

FRANCIS I., Comte d'Angoulême, Duc de Valois, was born at Cognac on the 12th of September, 1494. So he was little more than twenty years of age when he succeeded to the throne on the 1st of January, 1515. Even at that early age he had won the confidence and admiration of the Court, for he excelled in all those accomplishments which could add a grace to courtly life. Ardent, impetuous, generous, he gave promise of a stirring destiny; and he inspired confidence in that youth of the nation who longed for a

life of excitement. It was at once seen that the ideas of Francis were far in advance of the age; the old gloomy feudal life pleased him not, he pined for a greater refinement and civilization. His tutor, Gouffier Boissy, son of the Seneschal de Saintonge, invented the symbol of the Salamander in the midst of the flames, to represent his pupil's love of danger, adventure, and excitement. His device, "Je me nourris, et je meurs dans le feu," exactly represented his nature.*

* His courage was remarkable in those days when courage was common to all. One day a stag lifted him out of the saddle, and when about to gore him the King took his knife and killed him on the spot. On another a wild boar was loose in the court of the Castle of Amboise; he attacked him unaided, and laid him dead at his feet.

Nor was it unimportant that in the King's appearance there was everything calculated to convey an agreeable impression. His stature was imposing, his look gentle but commanding; he combined great power and strength with elegance in his movements.

"Dans quel etat que le sort l'eût fait naître,
Le monde en le voyant eût reconnu son maître."*

The journal of Louise de Savoie shows with what great anxiety she watched over his early years. She describes with charm-

* The Princess Marguerite describes him in the following verses:—

"C'est lui que ciel, et terre, et mer contemple.
La terre a joie, le voyant revêtu
D'une beauté qui n'a point de semblable;
La mer, devant son pouvoir redoubtable,
Douce se rend, connaissant sa bonté;
Le ciel s'abaisse, et par amour dompté.

ing *naïveté* an accident that occurred to him when only five years of age. "Le jour de la conversion de Saint Paul, environ deux heures après midi, mon seigneur, mon César, mon fils, fut emporté à travers champs par une haquenée; et fut le danger si grand que ceux qui étaient presens étaient épouvantés; toutefois Dieu, protecteur des jeunes veuves et défenseur

Vient admirer et voir le personnage
Dont on lui a tant de vertus conté,
C'est lui qui a grace et parler de maître,
Digne d'avoir sur tous droit et puissance.
De sa beauté, il est blanc et vermeil,
Les cheveux bruns, de grande et belle taille,
En terre il est comme au ciel le soleil.
Hardi, vaillant, sage, et preux en bataille,
Il est bénin, doux, humble en sa grandeur,
Fort et puissant, et plein de patience;
Il a de Dieu la parfaite science;
Bref, lui tout seul est digne d'être Roy."

des orphelins, ne me voulut abandonner, cognaissant que si cas fortuit j'eûsse été trop infortunée." Nor does the gentle mother think it beneath the interest of a journal to narrate: "Que son petit chien Hapequai, qui était de bon amant, et loyal à son maître, mourut en 1502."

From the moment of ascending the throne, Francis resolved to concentrate in his own person all the authority of the state. "L'Etat c'est moi," was his maxim, as it was afterwards Louis XIV's.; and the nobility seemed prepared to admit his pretensions. When he was anointed at Rheims, as at the coronation at Paris, the nobles emulated their sovereign in his magnificence and extravagance, forgetting that, by thus impoverishing themselves, they would

hereafter materially strengthen the royal authority. In the progress from Rheims to Paris, as the court passed through Laon, Noyon, Compiègne, and Senlis, the population were delighted at the pomp and splendour that inaugurated the new reign. All novelty pleases, but of all novelties pageants please the people best; for the splendour of a court is a kind of homage paid to the nation. Nor were the people disappointed in the expectations which they formed—all the old economical ideas were thrown aside. A very few months after Francis came to the throne, his lavish expenditure astonished the most reckless of the courtiers.* During even his

* Brantôme says:—"Quant à la maison jamais on s'en approchait, car il y avait celle du grand maître,

early progresses, fifty carriages, with six horses each, were assigned for the department of the kitchen; and these were honoured by a guard of three hundred archers.

Of the most beautiful ladies who crowded at once to the Court, to bask in its favour, a select company was formed by the king—"des plus belles parmi les plus belles." It was styled, "La petite bande des dames de la Cour;" and powerful were their charms over the heart of the young monarch; but we do not learn, although we may well imagine, to what jealousies such an exclusive circle must have given rise.

celle du grand chambellan, des gentilshommes de la suite, des valets, et tant d'autres, et très bien servies, que rien n'y manquait, et ce qui est admirable que partout on était aussi bien comme à Paris."

The more ambitious nature of the King was not slow in manifesting itself; he at once turned towards Italy, the claims to which he had inherited, and which had been asserted on so many a battle-field.

"Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus?"

The Italian plains had been enriched not only by Latin but by Gallic blood in those days, even as they have been in our own. Notwithstanding the manifold advantages conferred on France by the Renaissance, it must be admitted that the claim of the House of Anjou to the throne of Naples, and of Louis XII. to the Duchy of Milan, were on the whole very unfortunate. The best blood

of France was shed in asserting them. Macchiavelli said "that Louis XII. committed two capital errors in Italy—he destroyed the weak, he strengthened the strong." The result of his policy was that he was compelled to withdraw from the provinces, for the possession of which he had so long contended; and he transmitted to a young and impetuous monarch claims that he had asserted in vain. and rights that he could not maintain.

Thus the first ambitious project of Francis after his accession, was the reconquest of the Duchy of Milan; and so early as July, 1515, the King took command of the army, which was concentrated at Lyons. The principal nobility hastened to take part in this great enter-

prise, and the array was magnificent. Great and illustrious captains surrounded the young sovereign—the names of Chatellerault, of De Chabanes, De la Trémouille, Talmont, Trivulzio, Bonnivet, and Bayard, are enumerated amongst them. The army was divided into three corps—the van commanded by the Constable de Bourbon, in right of his office, the rear-guard by the Duc d'Alençon, the main body by the King in person. "Droit suzerain doit toujours mener ses nobles." Immediately near the person of the King were found the Duc de Vendôme, the Comte de Saint Pol, Guise, Lautrec, and Bayard.

With an amount of energy that astonished the Swiss, the army crossed the Alps,

and burst on Italy. On the plain of Marignano the battle of Giants was fought, when the King won his spurs, and placed himself at the head of the chivalry of Europe.

It was truly a victory at which the oldest and most experienced general might have been elated. The Swiss, who had hitherto been deemed invincible, who had defeated the Duke of Austria at Sempach, the Duke of Burgundy at Morat and Nancy, the Emperors of Germany at Constance and Dornach, the Kings of France at Milan, Navarre, and Dijon, were utterly routed by the young General, who during this terrible battle of two days never left the saddle. He received three lance wounds through

the joints of his armour. Many a young noble, wearing the embroidered fleur de lys, to show his connection with the sovereign, here for the first time drew his sword. The energy of Francis communicated itself to all around him, and sixteen thousand of the enemy were left on the battle-field.

Marshal Trivulzio said, "that all other battles were child's play compared with this." The young monarch, the general of twenty years of age, wished, in the hour of his triumph, to be knighted on the field of battle; for before he could reward his followers he had, by the laws of chivalry, to be made a knight himself. He called Bayard to him, and said,

"Bayard, I wish this day to be made a

knight by you, who have fought in so many battles, and are reputed by all to be the head of chivalry."

Bayard replied: "Sire, the king of so great a kingdom is already a knight above all knights."

"No," replied the king, "it is as Sovereign I must be knighted. Execute my commands, like a good and faithful servant."

Then Bayard struck the king on his back with his sword, and looking at his blade he said:

"Happy are you this day, oh! my sword, which have thus bestowed the honour of knighthood on so great a prince, who will certainly, good weapon, be above all others renowned and admired; and never

again, O sword! shall you be drawn, except against Turks, or Saracens, or Moors!" And thus having said, he gave two leaps into the air, and replaced the sword in its scabbard (et puis fait deux saults, et remet au fourreau son epée).*

* This victory was attended by all those prophetic signs which in the Middle Ages superstition loved to conjure up. The anxiety of the devoted mother, then Regent, might well lead her to imagine visions. "Previous to the battle I knew that my son would gain a great victory over the Swiss. It was after supper, when residing at my wood of Romorantin, between seven and eight o'clock there appeared awonderful vision in the sky; a luminous body like a comet arose in the west, and I was the first of the company present who saw it. I was seriously alarmed, and cried out aloud, when I heard a voice that said, 'The Swiss! the Swiss! the Swiss!'" And again, on the eve of the great battle, at the same hour, there appeared in the sky flames of fire as long as lances, which seemed as if they would fall upon and destroy the houses.

The immediate advantages of this victory were very great. A treaty was concluded with the Swiss; thus differing from the unwise policy of Louis XII. Francis became Sovereign of Milan, recognized Superior of Genoa; and he obtained from Leo X. the cession of Parma to Milan, and the cession of Verona by the Emperor Maximilian to the Venetians. It may well be imagined that, when the news of this great victory reached France, the delight was unbounded. The return of the army was one prolonged triumph. Leaving Bourbon with a sufficient force in Northern Italy, the King headed the joyful progress through France. On his way he fulfilled a vow he had made of a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Holy Handkerchief at Chambéry, which

had to be accomplished on foot. He started, accompanied by several gentlemen, and a great train of attendants, all animated (we must suppose) by the same religious ardour. On the morrow of his arrival in Paris, he went to the Abbey of St. Denis, to replace the saints which had been removed for the general welfare of the realm, and to return them his humble thanks for the great victory he had gained.

But if the immediate results of Marignano were satisfactory, the ulterior consequences were far from being so. The rising fame of the young French King aroused all the jealousy and bitterness of Charles. Henceforth the two great rivals were ever in presence, and two rivals so opposite in character. Francis, gay, young, chivalrous,

open-hearted, brave even to excess, full of trust, faith, and loyalty, and only relying too much on the truth, faith, and loyalty of others; for it has been said, and the remark is painfully true in most relations of life, but assuredly is it so in political life: "Une trop grande loyauté dans la vie politique amène souvent des facheux resultats." Charles, six years younger than Francis, already King of the Netherlands, of Spain, of Naples, and Sicily, was of a nature in every respect opposed to that of Francis: astute, calm, resolute, ambitious, devoted to the business of life, indifferent to its pleasures. It was said of Francis that he possessed striking virtues and ruinous vices; Charles, useful virtues and politic vices. While Francis

prided himself on his scrupulous integrity, Charles was known for his cunning and statecraft, which obtained for him the name of "Charles qui triche." Even at the early age of fifteen he was accustomed to preside at the council-board, and peruse all the despatches brought before it. Patient and studious, he reflected deeply on every combination of events; and, above all, he possessed a great power of self-control, so that he never was too triumphant in prosperity, or too much subdued in adversity.*

On the death of the Emperor Maxi-

* It has been a common saying that he did not give promise at this period of his life of the sagacity which he afterwards manifested. This is a mistake. The truth is that Charles was as a boy what he turned out to be as a man—grave, undemonstrative, cautious, thoughtful, vigilant."—*From the admirable Life of Las Casas, by Mr. Arthur Helps.*

milian, three powerful sovereigns found themselves rival candidates for the Empire—Henry VIII., Francis I., and Charles. Henry VIII. soon renounced a claim which he was too indolent to maintain; but between Francis and Charles the contest became most earnest, and subsequently most bitter. It must be admitted that the very qualities of the French monarch were ill suited to the habits of the Germans. Calm, dignified, and haughty, resolute to maintain their liberties, they were not favourably disposed towards a sovereign who maintained the principle of absolutism. Charles, on the other hand, possessed those qualities which win on calm and deliberate natures. He was, moreover, master of the

German language, and could address himself personally to the Princes and Electors. Francis, incapable of any reserve, expressed all his ambitions, his hopes, and his fears. Charles had acquired in earliest youth the great art of concealing his thoughts; and it was this shrewdness, tact, and reserve that caused the young King of Spain to be proclaimed Emperor by the name of Charles V.

And from this hour dates the enmity that led to that succession of wars which terminated with the fatal campaign of Pavia, five years after Charles V.'s accession to the Empire. In 1524 the position of Francis became very critical. Charles, by his diplomatic skill, managed to break the alliance between Francis and Henry VIII., and

formed a league against France more formidable than any that had ever been contemplated; for to the whole force of the Empire and of England was added that of the majority of the Italian States, including even the Republic of Venice. But even this formidable league was not so fatal to the King as the memorable defection of the Constable of Bourbon, the greatest captain of France—indeed, of any country and of any age.

This remarkable event is one of those historical incidents which have furnished matter for many a writer, and have been expatiated on by poets and dramatists. Various causes have been assigned for the bitter hatred which the King at this time expressed for the Constable, having been

previously so devoted to him. The most popular and best accredited explanation is, that after the death of the Constable's wife, Suzanne de Bourbon, the King's mother, Louise de Savoie, entertained a great affection for him, and that this affection was not returned; and, as Mezeray observes, "There is no injury so great towards the weaker sex as to reject their proffered affections," it may be easily understood how she was led on this occasion to excite the King's indignation against his illustrious cousin, until at last Francis commenced that legal process which terminated in the sequestration of the whole of the Constable's estates; and he found that, from being the greatest at Court, he had now become the least in regard to his fortunes.

The mistrust and dislike of the king for his great kinsman* rapidly increased, and Charles V. was not ignorant of the fatal conduct his rival was pursuing. Cautiously approaching Bourbon, he made him magnificent offers, if he would betray his sovereign and his country; he not only pro-

* The revulsion of feeling on the part of Francis was very sudden. So recently as 1518, by an order in Council, the King had declared the Constable, his heirs and successors, legitimate descendants of the Royal House of Bourbon, permitting them to use the Royal Arms, and always to be styled the cousins of the King; which privileges were confirmed by Louis XIV. in 1661.

The Castle of Bourbon-Busset is beautifully situated about eight miles from Vichy. It has been admirably restored by the present owner, and the Fleurs de Lys are scattered about in profusion. There is a picture of the Comte de Chambord, and underneath is written, "Donné au Comte de Bourbon-Busset, par son cousin—Henri."

mised him an asylum where he would be secure from all persecution, but offered him any one of the three most important posts in the empire. Moreover he was prepared to give him grants of estates of immense value in Spain, and the hand of his sister Eleanor, the widow of the late King of Portugal; and in the event of the conquest of France by the Spanish arms, the Duke was to add Provence and Dauphiné to the rest of his vast possessions.*

The thirst for vengeance, the bitterness

* Capefigue goes further, and says that he was promised an independent sovereignty, with Moulins for the capital, and that the fulfilment of this promise was guaranteed by Henry VIII. This sovereignty was to comprise, besides his former possessions, a great portion of the Midi of France, and the whole of Provence as far as the Var.

of resentment, were strong in the heart of the Constable, and the temptation presented to him was very great. So he—the recently created Prince of the Blood Royal of France—embarked in those treasonable and criminal proceedings. The King was made aware of them, and undertook a journey to see the Constable, who was lying ill at Moulins, in the old picturesque castle of the Sieurs de Bourbon. The King entreated him to refrain from intrigues which could only lead to his ruin and lasting ignominy; he expressed his regret at the conduct he had pursued towards him, and gave him the promise that all his estates should be restored. Bourbon would not make any admissions, and although the affectionate frankness of

the King shook his resolution, he was no longer his own master, he had gone too far to recede. The Emperor had in his possession undeniable proofs of his guilt, and the Emperor was not to be trusted. So, directly the King had taken his leave, the Constable rose from his sick-bed and prepared for flight. Followed by only one retainer, Pomperant, and in various disguises, he traversed France in safety.

The war broke out in all its fury. After the defection of Bourbon the command of the army devolved on Bonnivet. The Spaniards attacked him at Romagnano, and the result was most disastrous to the French arms. in this unfortunate battle. Bonnivet was severely wounded, and Vanderene and Bayard succeeded him in the

command. Vanderene was killed, and Bayard received a severe wound. Weakened by loss of blood, he was carried to a tree, and laid against it. At the close of the engagement Bourbon drew near him, and expressed his sorrow at the sad sight. "It is not me you should pity," said the dying man. "Reserve your regrets for yourself. I die a noble death, but you, who are a Frenchman, and a member of the Blood Royal of France, you are dressed in the livery of Spain, and your sword is stained with the blood of your countrymen." The Viceroy Lannoy then approached, and had the great captain carried to his tent, and there he lay with his eyes fixed on the cross of his sword, which he clasped in his hand. And

thus died the Chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Notwithstanding this blow, another campaign was determined on, and this time against the earnest entreaties of the Queen Mother, and all the wisest of the council. It was urged on the King that France required rest; the country was impoverished, and even victory, if it could be assured, would not justify another campaign to recover Northern Italy. The blood and treasure of the country had been lavishly expended, and foreign conquest was a poor return for internal misery. Moreover, he had done everything to vindicate his honour—the enemy had been expelled from the territory of France, which they had invaded; Marseilles was relieved

from the assaults of Bourbon; all the dangers that menace any coalition had broken out between the allies, for they mistrusted each other. This was the time when excellent terms might have been secured; but all these arguments, confirmed as they were by the wishes of those whom he in general deferred to, or the distraction of his mind by the death of the Queen Claude, to whom he was tenderly attached, could not turn him from his fixed idea—the conquest of Italy. The chivalrous nature of the King rebelled against the idea of submitting to defeat; he felt confident that he could retrieve the past, and that the wealth of Italy would pay the expenses of the war. He expressed his feelings in that verse in

which he loved to record his hopes and affections :—

> Quand j'entendai que la necessité
> Que je marchai était pour verité,
> Je m'avancai defendant mon pays,
> Contre des ennemis à bon droit trop hays."

Brantôme lightly insinuates that it was the King's desire to visit a Signora Clarice, whom Admiral Bonnivet described to him as the most beautiful woman the world had ever seen, which attracted the king to Italy; but we may be permitted to question Brantôme's accuracy, for it was surely easier far for the lady than for an army of twenty thousand men to cross the Alps It is more probable that his hatred of the Constable envenomed the King's feelings, and no obstacle, no diffi-

culty was allowed to stand in the way of raising another army. To procure funds for this new war, everything was pledged or sold; at the instigation of the Chancellor du Prat, even the judgeships were now put up for sale. Luxury despoiled herself of all her costliest treasures; the gold and silver ornaments in the palaces were melted down. The nobility took another step towards ruin. The decorations of the public monuments were made use of; and the massive silver gates which the piety of the King's ancestors had erected before the shrine of Saint Martin were taken down and sold.

Owing to the great sacrifices made by prince and people, another army was collected, which the King resolved to com-

mand in person. He was accompanied by a force of sixteen thousand infantry; nor were there wanting many of those free bands who were always ready to enlist whenever there was fighting. They were at one time known by the name of Brabançons; at another by that of Les Grandes Compagnies, or Lansquenets, and were frequently commanded by cadets of the great families. In the royal suite were the King of Navarre, four princes of the blood, three marshals of France, Chabannes, de Foix, and Montmorency; and he was surrounded by all that was most illustrious of the chivalry and youth of France.

Doubt and hesitation were now cast aside; the confidence of the King was shared in by all, and victory was inscribed

on his banners. His movements were so rapid, that, within twelve days after leaving Lyons, he entered the plains of Lombardy, and appeared before Milan, which city at once opened its gates to him. But this was one of those successes which in their results are so unfortunate; for it compelled him to divide his force, in order to leave a garrison in the city. Moreover, to enable him to retain its possession, the communications had to be maintained; and it became necessary, therefore, to secure either Lodi or Pavia. The former might have been taken by a *coup de main*; the siege of the latter was attended with far greater difficulty. The decision of the King to lay siege to Pavia saved the Imperial armies.*

* Charlemagne had once besieged Pavia. This

Already Lannoy, owing to the reduced state of the army and the arrears of pay, had proposed preliminaries of peace; but as soon as he saw the error the King had made, he prepared for the inevitable struggle. The Spanish general at once threw reinforcements into the city, under the command of Antonio de Leva, one of the first officers of that day, and full of resources; he animated the forces under his orders with his own energy and confidence, so that they were able to repel the reiterated assaults of the French.

In this brief campaign the great fault made by Francis arose from his impetuosity of character. His object should have

was sufficient to rouse the vivid imagination of Francis.

been delay. The Spaniards were deficient in supplies, and, above all, deficient in money to pay the troops. They were disheartened by the capture of Milan, and the German Lansquenets were plundering all over the country. The condition of the troops gave the Viceroy the greatest uneasiness, and if left to themselves they must soon have disbanded.

At Rome the following pasquinade appeared, fixed to the famous statue of Pasquin: "An army has been led into the north of Italy; any information concerning it will be gratefully received."

The Pope sent a messenger to the King, to urge him on no account to hazard a battle.

"I pass my days and nights," he wrote,

"in praying for the Most Christian King, whom I love as a son."

The oldest and most experienced of the Royal generals, De la Tremouille, Chabannes, implored the King to remain passive, and, if possible, to avoid any engagement

Unfortunately Bonnivet and Montmorency gave opinions more congenial to their Royal master. Bonnivet exclaimed,

"You propose, gentlemen, to our brave King to avoid a battle, so long desired by all. The French never have declined a battle, and prefer military to diplomatic manœuvres. We go to battle, our standards unfurled, more especially when for our general we have so valiant a King, who will now compel the dilatory to en-

gage, remembering that good fortune and victory wait on Kings."

So, instead of making a judicious retreat, the French waited for the enemy. When Pescara saw the mistake that the King was about to make, and that he intended to accept a general engagement, he was transported with delight, and exclaimed, "Nous étions vaincus avant, en peu nous serons vainqueurs."

It was on February 24th, 1525, on the feast of Saint Matthias, that the battle commenced. At once the Marquis del Guasto forced the position of the Duc d'Alençon, and thus relieved Pavia; but the French artillery was so admirably handled, that the Spanish infantry were compelled to retreat into a valley. The King thought

that they were entirely routed, and, contrary to the advice of all his officers, ordered a general charge. Francis placed himself at the head of the cavalry, who poured down upon the enemy, with Chabannes on his right, and Alençon on his left. The Spaniards suddenly rallied, and faced the now disordered band of pursuers. Chabannes was at once surrounded and taken prisoner; while Alençon, seized with a panic, ordered a retreat, and immediately left the field. Pescara, seizing the opportunity, now led on the main attack. The King at this moment was in great danger. De la Trémouille and the Marshal de Foix fell in defence of their sovereign; all the guards were mown down around him. The King, says Guicciardini (himself a soldier on the other

side) was always in the midst of the battle; he made magnanimous efforts to maintain and confirm his people; his enemies, who lay at his feet, formed a rampart around him, amongst whom were Saint-Ange, Ferrante Castriota, Ugo de Cordova, and the standard-bearer of the German legion. Francis was nearly forcing his way through the crowd of soldiers who pressed upon him, attracted by the spectacle of a man fighting against such terrible odds, when he fell to the ground, wounded in both legs. He had received in the earlier part of the day a wound in the right hand, and another on the shoulder, and he was sinking from loss of blood. A ball hit his horse, which fell upon him. He managed to set him-

self free, and again endeavoured to defend himself.

Loud cries, raised on all sides, called on this brave champion to surrender; but while he was still defending his life against Diego d'Avila and Jean d'Ovietta, he was, although covered with blood, and his plume shot away, recognized by Pomperant, the only gentleman who had deserted with Bourbon. He begged the King to surrender himself prisoner. Francis declared he would never give up his sword to a traitor, and desired that the Viceroy might be summoned. Lannoy forced his way through the crowd, when the King addressed him in these words—

"Signor, ecco qui la spada d'un re chi merita lode, percue prima di perderla, ha

sparso il sangue di molti dei vostri; onde non è prigioniero per vilta, ma per mancanza di fortuna."

"Sir, here is the sword of a king, not undeserving of praise, because, before yielding it, he has made havoc in your ranks; so he is a prisoner, not from cowardice, but from the caprice of fortune."

Lannoy, with great respect, knelt down and kissed the King's hand, and received him as prisoner in the Emperor's name. His helmet was then removed, and a velvet cap given him, that he might recover his breath. Lannoy then presented the King with his own sword, saying it was not seemly that so great a captain and illustrious a monarch should remain unarmed before a subject of the Emperor

The news spread rapidly; the trumpets proclaimed the victory to the whole army. The Marshal de Montmorency, on receiving the sad intelligence, hastened to the battle-field with the reserves; but it was too late. Then there arose a cry which was echoed far and wide—"Victoria! Victoria! España! España!"

THE Castilian historian Sandoval graphically and picturesquely describes the appearance of the French king, and the events of that memorable day. "The King of France, in rich armour, went about from squadron to squadron; he wore over his mail a surcoat of brocade chequerwise, with many F's embroidered in velvet on the brocade, and in brocade on the velvet, and with cords of gold and brown silk; on his head he wore a yellow and brown plume, the feathers drooping low down, and from the midst of it rose a pennon,

and a red salamander, above it a gilt F, and around it the order of Saint Michael; he wore also a small jewel around his neck. This jewel the King afterwards offered to redeem for six thousand ducats, but this his captors refused, and it was sent to the Emperor. After the fall from his horse, the King of France being again on his feet, some soldiers who did not know him wished at once to slay him, on account of the havoc he had committed, not believing those who said they were sure it must be the King; but the few who desired to save his life would not have been able to do so, so many soldiers of horse and foot were pressing on him, had not M. de la Motte, a follower and friend of the Duke of

Bourbon, passed that way, and recognizing him, knelt down, and begged leave to kiss his hand. On seeing this the soldiers were assured that it was the King; and Diego d'Avila having taken off the King's helmet, the King, in passing his hand over his face besmeared it with blood, which led some to think that he had been wounded in the face, but it was not so. The soldiers then all crowded round him; some took his plume, others the pennon and his helmet; several cut off pieces of his surcoat, as relics in memory of that day, each man taking his piece, so that in a very short time nothing of the surcoat was left. In all this the King showed himself most magnanimous, smiling and taking all in good part; and the soldiers,

as they cracked their jokes, were well pleased with him.

"When the news of the King's capture spread through the army, and reached the ears of the great Lords, all pressed forward to see him. The first who came was the Marquis de Pescara, whom M. de la Motte made known to the King. Kneeling down, the Marquis, with great humility, begged permission to kiss the King's hand; but the King, placing his hands on the shoulders of the Marquis, made him stand up, showing that he was glad of his coming, and spoke to him cheerfully, requesting that the poor vanquished soldiers should be treated with mercy, as was the duty of Spaniards, who were the best soldiers in

the world. Tears came into the eyes of the Marquis, and of the others who were standing by, when they heard such noble words spoken by so great a Prince; but not to distress the King, the Marquis suppressed his feelings, praying His Majesty not to be troubled, for he could assure him that the Spaniards were so full of pity that he was certain they would all regret the deaths that had occurred that day; that he would treat the prisoners well, and take measures to set them free. At this the King evinced his great satisfaction.

"Soon after came up the Viceroy of Naples, and the Marquis del Guasto, both of whom did the same reverence as the Marquis de Pescara. They then proceeded towards the

city, and as they approached it they were continually meeting with French prisoners, whom the King saluted graciously, telling them to learn Spanish, and asking their captors to treat them kindly. When the gate of Pavia came in sight, the King, looking somewhat disturbed, halted the pony on which he was riding; and, on the Marquis inquiring the reason, he said,

"'I must ask you, Marquis, and these other gentlemen, a favour—that is, that you will not take me into Pavia, nor expose me to the affront of being carried prisoner into a place I have so long beleaguered.'

"The request appeared reasonable; and the Marquis, having talked with the other

Lords, it was agreed he should lodge the King in a neighbouring monastery. As to the custody of the King's person, the choice was left to the Marquis de Pescara, who named the Señor d'Alarçon, saying that as he was a Spaniard by birth, and the chief Spanish officer in the army, he ought to be appointed, for that he was sure, in filling the post, he would do honour to the Emperor, and also to the whole army."

It will be observed how entirely the account of the events that occurred after the capture of Francis, as given by Sandoval, differs from that of other writers. It is quite natural, however, that in the midst of such excitement, the most accurate observer might be misled.

After the battle the King, with M. de Montmorency, De Brion, and other important prisoners, was lodged in the monastery of San-Paolo. In this terrible action, as usual nothing could equal the courage shown by the gentlemen of France; while at the same time the want of military discipline was lamentable. Reckless personal bravery, indeed, was displayed, but so displayed as to ensure defeat. To gratify their vain-glory, officers sacrificed their posts and neglected their duties. During this fatal campaign the Count de Saint Pol and the Maréchal de Foix deserted their important posts, near Milan, to take a part in the battle; and De la Trémouille would have done the same, but for the reiterated orders of the King.

This was the darkest day that was ever known in France. Never was a sadder message sent from battle-field than that which the King transmitted to the Regent, his mother, and the terms of which have given rise to so much controversy:

"Madame, pour vous faire sçavoir le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve; et pour ce que en vostre adversité cette nouvelle vous sera un peu de réconfort, j'ai prié que l'on me laysast vous éscrire cette lettre. Ce que l'on ma aisément accordé, vous suppliant ne vouloir prendre l'extrémité vous-mesme, en usant de vostre accoutumée prudence, car j'ay espérance à la fin que Dieu ne m'aban-

donnera pas, vous recommandant vos petits enfans, et les miens, en vous suppliant de faire donner leur passage à ce porteur pour aller et retourner en Espagne, car il va devers l'Empereur pour scavoir comme il voudra que je sois traicté, et sur ce va me recommander très humblement à votre bonne grâce, votre très humble et très obéissant fils,

"FRANÇOIS."

This letter is the origin of the phrase attributed to the King of "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur." Immediately after such a misfortune, it is not probable that a captive monarch would occupy himself in framing epigrammatic sentences. And there is something more touching in the

expansive expression of his feelings than in the chivalrous sententiousness of the phrase, which has become one of the accepted errors of history*—and is inseparable from the history of Francis I.

* The King has been accused of selfishness in having alluded to his own life having been saved —"et la vie qui est sauve." But how deeply impressed he was with a high sense of honourable obligation may be judged of by the language in which he expressed himself after the battle to the officers and soldiers standing around him. "Sirs, I had resolved to die honourably at the head of my army, thinking that thus I should best escape from the misery of seeing so many brave and valiant captains dead around me. Fortune, of late my cruel enemy, would not permit me to die an honourable death, but preferred to keep me as a spectacle of mockery and derision. At least do I possess this consolation, that, ever remembering my great loss, no future blow of fortune can affect me, for the fulness of her hate has now been poured forth, and this calamity that has befallen France is her great misfortune and my own."

But the occasion was one which no power of romance or chivalrous expression could alleviate. Eight thousand men lying dead, and not a noble family that had not some loss to deplore. The country was left without an army, without captains, without a King. Everything might be feared for the future. The list of the generals or high officers killed or made prisoners on this eventful day might well, even had the King been rescued, have filled the land with mourning. It comprised Monseigneur de Lorraine, the Duc de Longueville, the Comte de Tonnerre, Monseigneur de la Trémouille,* Le

* In the grand History of the French Aristocracy, there is no greater name than De la Trémouille, Prince de Talmont. His eldest son fell at Marignano by his father's side; and the records of the

Maréchal de Chabannes, premier Maréchal de France, Le Maréchal de Foix, Monsieur le Batard de Savoie, Grandmaître de France, and Monsieur de Bonnivet, Admiral de France. These were all killed or died of their wounds. Among the prisoners were the Kings of Navarre and of France, Monsieur de Nevers, Monsieur d'Aubigny, Monsieur le Maréchal de Montmorency.

Who can describe "into what a state of pity, tears, and lamentations was cast the good lady the mother of the King—

family from the earliest days are records of loyalty and gallantry. Succeeding generations have inherited these precious possessions of a family and of a nation—honour and patriotism. In modern times, as in the Middle Ages, the name of De la Trémouille is associated with the noblest qualities of manhood, and the more gentle and graceful qualities of womanhood.

with what agony she received the piteous news that her dear and only son Francis, the Most Christian King, first of the name, was in the power of his vassal and enemy. Oh, what regrets!—oh, what pitiable lamentations!—oh, what great exclamations were raised by this noble lady! The lamentations were so great that it seemed no comfort could be administered to her, or to her noble and illustrious company. But seeing that for the present there was no remedy for this great sorrow, the Seigneur de Vendôme, accompanied by the Chancellor and the Council of the said lady, drew near to remonstrate with her, and to urge that all these lamentations and regrets could serve no good purpose; nor was it by these that the King

could ever be released from the hands of his enemies—that it were far wiser to take counsel, and consider what it was best to do, and to act with promptitude."

Rarely has there been evinced a more tender affection than that which subsisted between Francis, his mother, and his sister Marguerite d'Angoulême, Duchesse d'Alençon. The King possessed all those qualities which win and retain affection; and his faults and weaknesses sprang from a heart almost too tender and gentle for the rough usage of the world; even the domestic affections were with him tinged with a romantic interest—he said that himself, his mother, and sister were the trinity of love.

"Je suis," wrote Marguerite, "le petit

point de ce parfait triangle d'amour." So long as the Duchesse d'Angoulême lived, says de Brion, no favourite, no affection could weaken or supplant her. The correspondence with the Regent, his mother, is most touching by the earnestness of his expression. "Although," he writes, "you are in France, and I am a prisoner, my heart beats in unison with your own;" and he sends her the following verses:—

"Oh! sachez donc, oh! Madame; oh ma mère,
Que de vous m'est l'absence trop sévère,
Que direz plus, sinon que connais bien,
Que non de la beauté du pays le bonheur tient,
Mais seulement en compagnie bonne
De ceux qui tout plaisir me donne."

If the mother possessed gifts to win and secure such affection, the sister was

no less remarkable for her charms. She was called by the poets the tenth Muse and the fourth Grace; her gentle and kindly nature was never repelled by any difficulty or danger when the interests and welfare of her brother were concerned. Her mind and heart, formed in the same mould as his, were full of earnestness and self-devotion. She, like him, possessed the gift of expressing her feelings in tender and graceful verse. While Francis was in Provence, it was her painful duty to announce to him the illness, and then the death of his youngest daughter, the Princess Charlotte. And this she does in a letter, charming for its touching simplicity. In her correspondence with the Bishop of Meaux, she mourns over this early destiny in a grace-

ful rondeau worthy of Marot. (See Appendix).

The noble, generous qualities of the King, which all the historians love to dwell on, were precisely those which placed his captors in a position of great difficulty. The King of France a prisoner became naturally an object of great interest and sympathy even to his opponents. The comparison drawn between the King and the Emperor was far from being advantageous to the latter. Up to this time the Emperor had not commanded an army in person, or gained his spurs on any battle-field. There was a charm in the manners of the King well calculated to excite an interest in all those who approached him, and the growing

sentiment of admiration in the Spanish army awakened to such a degree the anxiety and suspicion of the Viceroy, that he gradually restricted the number of officers and soldiers who had permission to approach the royal captive.

The continued and daily-increasing interest taken in the King was not the only cause of annoyance to the Viceroy. The Spanish army was ill paid, ill cared-for, and a mutinous spirit had recently found clamorous expression. The treachery of Bourbon had called forth a unanimous feeling of indignation and disgust amongst a soldiery second to none in their chivalrous instincts. They disliked their new commander, and the circumstance that the victory, though won by Spanish arms, had owed so

much to successful treason, greatly detracted from its value. Without instructions, it was not possible for the Viceroy to send the King to Naples or to Spain, at a time when the sea was covered with French cruisers. In this perplexity, he resolved to transfer him from the insecure monastery of Santo Paolo to the fortress of Pizzighetone, on the Adda. This stronghold was commanded by Don Ferdinand Alarçon, an officer of the most approved honour and courage, who enjoyed the entire confidence of the army and the Emperor.

Up to the time of his removal from Santo Paolo, the King was treated with the greatest honour and consideration, and served with the same respect as if he was still sovereign in his own

palace. The Viceroy brought him the basin to wash his hands after each repast, while the Marquis del Guasto poured out the water. The King entreated Lannoy and the Marquis to sit at his table, but they refused to avail themselves of so high an honour. The Marquis de Pescara came frequently to render his homage to the illustrious prisoner. Even the common soldiers collected whatever they thought could be useful to him in his seclusion, for all the personal baggage of the King had been lost. Among other objects which could not be recovered were his gold drinking-cup, for which he had a great affection, and a gold cross given to him by the Pope.

In the fortress of Pizzighetone the King

at first sought for consolation in religious exercises, in fasting and prayer. Immediately after he was made a prisoner, and even before his wounds were dressed, as he passed by a chapel he asked permission to enter it. The monks were at the time chaunting the 119th Psalm. When they had concluded the 70th verse, the King, after the usual pause, took up the 71st verse, "Bonum mihi quia humiliâsti me, ut discam justificationes tuas"—"It is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I may learn thy statutes." The piety and resignation of the Sovereign, wounded and a prisoner, kneeling at the altar, the calm and repose of the chapel, after the din of the battle-field, formed a beau-

tiful picture. Striking and deeply touching must have been the contrast—the stir and the tumult without, the stillness of the cloister within. The mind of Francis I., so richly endowed with sympathies, was peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. On the present occasion he must have felt not only for France, for himself, and his many friends, but for the thousands dead and dying around him.

"He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?"

The ambitious hopes of the morning, the sad reverse of the evening, might well impress a less earnest nature; but in all the events of his chequered life the King evinced deep religious convictions. One of his attendants remarked to

him that, viewing the terrible blow fortune had dealt him, no prince bore his calamity more valiantly; and the King, in reply, used noble and memorable words —"J'ai plutôt élu honnête prison que honteuse fuite; m'étant estimé bien heureux pour liberté de mon pays toute ma vie demeurer en prison."

The King was sanguine that, as soon as the Emperor was made acquainted with his great disaster, he would at once propose an arrangement worthy of the conqueror to offer, and of the vanquished to accept. He fell into the error so common to all, that of judging of others by ourselves, of thinking that our emotions, experiences, and feelings can command the sympathy of those with whom we

have relations. His noble, frank, and generous nature was unable to realize the astute and cold philosophical mind of Charles. His first desire was to accompany the despatch of Lannoy, announcing his victory, with a letter from himself; but the communication with Spain was at that time most difficult. Andrew Doria, the Admiral, and Lafayette, the Vice-Admiral of the French fleet, might not respect a flag of truce, and so the chivalrous monarch offered Lannoy a safe conduct for any officer to pass through France, the bearer of a letter to the Emperor, in which he claimed from His Majesty the consideration due to his great misfortune. The authenticity of the letter to the Emperor has been disputed,

in consequence of the humility of its expression; but it was found among the manuscripts of the Cardinal Granvelle:—

"SIRE,—Si plutôt liberté par mon cousin le Viceroy m'eût eté donné, je n' eusse si longuement tardé devers vous faire mon dévoir; comme le temps et le lieu où je suis le méritent, et n'ayant autre confort en mon infortune que votre bonté, laquelle si lui plaise par son honnêteté, vous suppliant juger en votre propre cœur ce qu'il vous plaira faire de moi, éstant sûr que la volonté d'un tel Prince que vous êtes ne peut être accompagné que d'honneur et magnanimité. Parquoi si vous plaise avoir cette honnête pitié de moi, envoyer la sureté que mérite la prison

d'un Roi de France, leqeul l'on veut rendre ami et non desespéré, pouvez estre sur de faire un acquest, au lieu d'un prisonnier inutile et un Roy à jamais votre esclave. Donc, pour ne vous ennuyer plus longuement d'une fâcheuse lettre, je feray fin avec mes humbles recommendations a votre bonne grace; celui qui n'a autre chose que d'attendre qu'il vous plaise le nommer, au lieu de prisonnier, votre bon frère et ami,

"FRANÇOIS.

"Le Seigneur Hugues de Mont-Calve vous fera, s'il vous plait, entendre de moi que j'ay requis vous dire, et aussi vous prie croire le gentilhomme, que je vous envoie comme moi-même."*

* "SIR,—If permission had been given me sooner by

The young and chivalrous monarch who made this touching appeal to his brother sovereign, had little knowledge of the character of his great rival.

my cousin, the Viceroy, I should not have so long delayed the expression of my regard, as my position and the place demand; possessing no comfort in my misfortune but in the extent of your kindness, and entreating you to let your heart judge what is to become of me, feeling confidence in the magnanimity and honour of such a prince. Therefore, if it pleases you to evince this pity for me *envoyer la sureté que merite la prison* of a King of France, whom you would wish to make your friend, and not to render desperate, you will be sure to possess such an one, in place of a useless prisoner, and a King for ever your slave. And so, not to weary you longer with this painful letter, I shall terminate with my humble recommendations to your kind favour; and am he who waits the moment when, instead of your prisoner, he shall subscribe himself your good friend and brother,

"FRANCIS."

On the tenth of March Charles received at Madrid the intelligence of the battle of Pavia, at the very moment he expected to hear of the entire defeat of his army, and the loss of Milan. The deep cunning of his nature, his power of dissimulation, the habitual and studied calm and command of the Spanish character, was never more remarkably evinced than on this occasion. He was in the reception-hall of the Palace, on the occasion of a great ceremony, where the grandees of the kingdom and the ambassadors were all present, when the news arrived. Already it had spread through the city, and the boisterous demonstrations of delight were heard in the Palace, and echoed through the halls.

Charles opened the despatches in the presence of the courtly assemblage, but not a word or a look betrayed his inward joy. He mentioned to those nearest him that the Spanish arms had obtained a great victory, and that the King was a prisoner in the hands of the Viceroy. But he added that this was a wonderful proof of the uncertainty of all human affairs, and remarked how insecure was the greatness and happiness of the proudest and most valiant monarch. Then he retired into his oratory, where he remained nearly an hour, leaving all the Court awaiting his return. When he reappeared, he desired that there should not be any public rejoicings, any triumphal demonstrations.

"God be praised," said the Emperor—

"let us not mock the misfortune of our brother by public rejoicings. These demonstrations are only permissible when a victory has been won over the enemies of our religion."

We are told that this moderation of the King was not less the admiration of the city than the victory itself. For even those who saw through the consummate dissimulation, marvelled at a young sovereign who was such a master of state craft.

Gasparo Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, says that the next day the King made a pilgrimage with his whole Court to the monastery of Sainta Maria de Atocha, the patron saint of Madrid, situated at some little distance from the city. He there heard mass, and listened to a ser-

mon delivered by Friar Juan de Kempudia, of the Dominican order, who spoke of the nothingness of human grandeur, and of the vanity of human wishes. And then he returned to Madrid with so much humility in his demeanour that it won the respect of all who saw him that day.

Charles de Poupet, Seigneur de la Chaulx, Councillor and Chamberlain of Charles V., wrote to the Archduchess Marguerite, "that never did Prince receive such glorious news with such an entire absence of guile and self-glory, nor could any so abundantly have given the honour of the victory to the God of battles."

But if the Emperor affected to view with calm the result of the great vic-

tory, he was not ungrateful or indifferent to those who had gained it for him. Lannoy was immediately created Prince di Salmone, and had large estates granted him in the Kingdom of Naples, and the district of La Roche in the Ardennes. All the other great officers were fully cared for, and at last justice was done to an ill-paid army.

But Charles delayed any reply to the generous letter of Francis. He at once assembled the Council, to decide what was to be done with the prisoner; and at this council the opinions were much divided. There was the party of moderation, and that in favour of severity. At the head of the former party was the Bishop of Osma, the Emperor's confessor; the latter was

led by Frederick d'Alva, grandfather of the celebrated Duke of Alva. The arguments brought forward by the Bishop were not those likely to influence a young ambitious sovereign. He pointed out that there were three courses of policy open to the Emperor. He might keep the King of France in perpetual imprisonment; insist on conditions the most favourable to the Empire; or at once carry out the noble views expressed by the Emperor himself, and set him free, on such terms as would unite the King for ever to the Emperor in bonds of friendship and brotherhood.

The two first courses, the Bishop urged, might have the effect of prolonging the war indefinitely; but the policy of treating the illustrious prisoner as a friend

and a brother, would, by the greatness of its generosity, attach Francis and France for ever to him—thus unite the two Christian powers, and enable them to drive back the Turks, who were at that moment menacing Hungary, and, Hungary conquered, the whole of Italy and Germany would be open to the unbelievers. The only hope of averting this fatal progress of the Turkish arms, and the no less fatal progress of unbelief, was the union of the two Catholic powers. This last was indeed the argument most likely to have any force with Charles, in opposition to that given by the Duke of Alva, whose advice was to take every advantage of the great prize that had been won, and not through the weakness

of generosity to sacrifice a manifest good. He urged that the royal prisoner, while treated with all respect, should be guarded with the greatest care, and conducted to Naples, if it was too difficult and dangerous an undertaking to bring him to Spain—that, instead of sending a letter of condolence and affection, which might compromise the future policy of the Empire, the Emperor should lay down at once the general conditions on which the King's liberty would be granted. These might be hereafter modified, but the King should understand at once that the most severe terms would be exacted from him.

In all this the Duke of Alva only anticipated the wishes of the Emperor. There was nothing generous in the na-

ture of Charles. Had the positions been reversed, it cannot be doubted that the result would have been widely different. The terms in which the King expressed himself in the letter to the Emperor proved what his own feelings and conduct would have been. Charles had a noble opportunity of performing an act of magnanimity, which would have won him a brighter and nobler name in history than the great victories which illustrated his reign, and he forfeited it; he did not rise to the greatness of the occasion. It must be admitted that the spirit and temper of the age was opposed to moderation. In the Council the opinion and advice of the Bishop was listened to with impatience, while the Duke of Alva was interrupted

by expressions of approval; and when the Duke had concluded, that policy which ultimately sacrificed all the advantages of so great a victory was adopted by the Emperor.

The report of the Imperial decision soon reached France, and the situation became for the Regent one of great difficulty, and even of great peril. In all public calamities, the people blame others for the evils they suffer. Bonnivet was dead, but that did not prevent his being accused of treachery for the advice he gave the King at the council of war, to engage the enemy. Even the Regent, who possessed every charm of manner and gift of nature which could win the heart of the nation, was severely censured for that hatred to the Constable which had led to his revolt, and had driven

from France into the arms of Spain the greatest captain of the age. It was said, and justly so, that Francis I. could only be conquered by Charles of Bourbon—that is, a Frenchman by a Frenchman; but the storm of indignation burst forth when the cowardice of the Duc d'Alençon and of others became known. The Duc d'Alençon, who commanded the rear-guard, and fled at the very commencement of the action, died a few days afterwards, at Lyons, of shame and despair. But his death did not allay the public discontent, which manifested itself on all occasions. Rabelais bursts forth—

"Je hais plus que le poison un homme qui fuit, quand il faut se battre. Hélas! que ne suis-je Roy de France. Par dieu,

je vous mettrais en chien courtault les fuyards de Pavie. Pourquoi ne mouraient-ils pas, plustot que laisser leur bon Prince en cette necessité? N'est-il meilleur et plus honorable mourir vertueusement bataillant, que vivre fuyant vilainement?"

Nor was verse wanting to arouse the popular affection for the Royal prisoner, and hatred against those who deserted him:

"Aidez-moi tous à plaindre, gentils aventuriers,
Aidez-moi à plaindre le noble Roy François;
C'est un noble Sire, partout a triomphé,
Le nonpareil en armes tant à cheval qu'à pied.
Nous devons bien le plaindre le noble Roy François,
Sur tous Seigneurs du monde plus gentil et courtoys.
Maudits soient les traitres qui l'ont abandonné,
En fait de vilainie toujours se sont monstré,
Oh, la fausse canaille! ils ont le Roy trompé,
Au point de la bataille n'ont point voulu frapper.
Le noble Roy de France ils ont abandonné.

Monsieur de la Palice, de La Trémouille aussi,
Etaient nobles gendarmes, qui noblement ont frappé,
Pour tout recompense ils ont leurs jours finis.
Aventuriers de France, et aussi lansquenets,
Entrèrent en bataille ; vaillament ont frappé,
Princes, seigneurs de France, et nobles chevaliers,
Ayez en remembrance les nobles trepassés,
Ayez en souvenance le noble Roy François."*

* "Oh! mourn with me, brave gentlemen, and listen while I sing
Of the greatness and the glory and the sorrow of our King;
For never was there monarch yet did contend with greater might,
When as cavalier and hand to hand he mingled in the fight.
No land has ever loved, or mourned, a greater King than he,
The type of grace and courtesy, the flower of chivalry.
Oh! cursed be the traitor, and palsied be his limb,
Who from the battle-field could flee and so abandon him;
For the traitors left the sovereign in the middle of the fray,
They turned their horses' heads and spurred, and the cowards fled away.

That there was great indecision, great absence of any plan of action, and that manifold errors were committed at the battle of Pavia, is beyond doubt, but history has not justified the accusation of treason. Bonnivet's advice was wrong, but it was given in sincerity. And the proof is, that nothing could be more glorious than his death. When he saw that all efforts to arrest the flight of the Swiss and of the

Thus De la Palice, De la Trémouille, and many others so
Illustrious and noble knights were delivered to the foe;
This was their last and great reward for their country's cause to bleed,
When the fairest gentlemen of France died on the battle-field.
So princes, cavaliers and all, for your noble comrades pray,
And tell the story far and wide how the good King fought that day."

cavalry were of no avail, and that all hope was at an end, he resolved to perish on the spot, exclaiming, "that he never could survive so great a misfortune, nor the loss of so many friends, and that he would die on the field." Then raising his vizor, he "opuso la garganta a las spadas"—opposed his throat to the swords—rushed forward, and perished. Misfortune enough had befallen France without aggravating the calamity by attributing that misfortune to treason.

If Francis had any great confidence in the generosity of his rival, he was soon undeceived. Charles, with his constitutional shrewdness, and his judgment so much in advance of the age, did not for a moment enter into the views of his Council, and

contemplate the conquest of France, nor did he indulge in dreams of universal dominion. But he felt confident that he might obtain terms which would for the time weaken the power of France, and render the country an easier prey on some future and not far distant occasion.

Without making any reply to the friendly letter he had received from his "brother and friend," for whose misfortune he expressed so deep a sympathy, he forwarded to Lannoy the following conditions to be submitted to the King:—First, he was to renounce all claim to Milan, Naples, or any part of Italy; secondly, he was to restore to Charles the Duchy of Burgundy; thirdly, the Constable of Bourbon was to be reinstated in all his baronies and possessions,

with the exception of Provence and Dauphiné, which were to be erected into an independent kingdom; fourthly, he was to pay to the King of England the debt owed to him by the Emperor; and, meanwhile, until these conditions were carried out, and before the King could obtain his liberty, all the strongholds in all of these different possessions were to be given over to the Emperor. And, in order to cement this peace, the Emperor proposed that the Dauphin should marry his niece, the Infanta of Portugal.

When the above conditions were proposed to the King, his indignation knew no bounds. He had fondly anticipated that his rival and captor would have treated with him in the spirit of the

counsel given by the Bishop of Osma, and have desired to unite himself in a bond of enduring friendship. The veil fell from his eyes, and he found himself in the power of a pitiless enemy. In an access of rage and despair, he seized his sword, and made an attempt to destroy himself; but his hand was held by Don Ferdinand Alarçon, who exclaimed, "Non vaudrait pour un Roi mourir ainsi!" It was long before his anger was in any way soothed. He then turned to the Imperial envoy, and said, "I regret that the Emperor, your master, has given you the trouble to travel this great distance to make me such propositions as these. You will tell him that I prefer to die a prisoner rather than accede to his de-

mands; and let him know that my kingdom is still entire, and that not even to obtain my release will I sacrifice any part of its integrity; and if he desires to treat, it must be on a very different basis."

The Regent, when the same conditions were sent to her, took a calmer view of the position. She pointed out that no dismemberment of the kingdom could take place, except with the consent of the States-General; and she replied to the extravagant demands of the Emperor by a series of counter-propositions. These included the cession of all claims on Milan, Naples, Genoa, and Asti; of all rights of superiority over certain provinces in Flanders and Artois; and over the castle-wards

of Orchies, Lille, and Douai. To unite the two countries by the closest ties, she further proposed a marriage between the Emperor and Marguerite, the Duchesse d'Alençon; and that the King should be betrothed to Eleonore, Queen Dowager of Portugal. Her hand had been promised to the Constable, but he was to be pacified by the restitution of all his possessions, and a marriage with Madame Renée of France, second daughter of Louis XII.

But while all these negotiations were in progress, the Emperor's position, with regard to his illustrious prisoner, became daily more critical. Throughout the neighbourhood of Pizzighetone, Francis excited

great and daily-increasing interest. The Spanish army was far from being satisfied, and the honour of the great victory was tarnished by the treason of Bourbon. It came to the knowledge of Lannoy that many plots had been made for the King's escape. These had all failed, not from any want of energy on the part of those who were embarked in them, but principally from that over-confidence which the King still retained in the generosity of his rival. He even now could not realise the fact that he was a prisoner of state, and that the interests of the Emperor would induce him to take every advantage of his position. Thus it happened that, when the Viceroy urged the great advantage it would be to him to have a per-

sonal interview with the Emperor, he found a willing listener in the King.

Lannoy felt that to remove the King to Naples was a very hazardous enterprise, for the French cruisers abounded in those seas; and even should he arrive in safety, the facilities of escape from Naples were almost as great as at Pizzighetone; whereas, once at Madrid, any attempt at rescue was out of the question. But while the King was most desirous to meet his captor and rival, the very name of Madrid sounded ominous, and the terms offered by Charles were not reassuring. Lannoy urged that the rigorous nature of the conditions imposed was entirely owing to the relations of the Emperor with the Constable of Bourbon, whom it

was the more necessary for him to treat with great consideration, in consequence of the proposal of the Regent to transfer the hand of Eleonora, the Queen Dowager of Portugal, from Bourbon to Francis. He gave the King the assurance that the Emperor's only object was to smooth down all difficulties—to enter into a fast alliance with France. A few days of intercourse would do more than months of long and tedious negotiation. He urged him at once, before fruitless negotiations had failed, and embittered the rivalry which then subsisted, to trust to the chivalrous character of the Emperor, which was in no respect inferior to his own; the confidence so placed in a young monarch would add to the love

and esteem which he, in common with the whole nation, felt for the King. To be at Madrid was soon to be again a monarch, once more a free man, stronger even than before the Italian campaign, because his kingdom would be strengthened by a permanent alliance based on mutual regard and affection

Francis, incapable of treachery, could not comprehend it in others. How well has it been said by an eminent writer, "Il y a une affinité dans les belles âmes pour le bien, une répulsion instinctive autant que raisonnée qui les fait bondir en arrière à la seule idée d'une bassesse ou d'une trahison." Such was the nature of the king, that an appeal to his generosity was certain ever to be successful, and he replied,

with too little consideration to Lannoy—"Je consens à partir pour Madrid. Je veux aller traiter avec Charles de gentilhomme à gentilhomme." But how was this voyage to Spain to be accomplished, while France was mistress of the seas? It can scarcely be conceived that Francis, with all his infatuation, could be persuaded to send an order to disarm his own ships in the Mediterranean, with the exception of six vessels, which were selected to escort him as a guard of honour to his new prison; and yet such was the case. Weakness never went farther. He readily, even eagerly, pledged his honour to Lannoy that he would make no attempt to escape; and he actually suffered himself, under these specious promises, to be led to Genoa,

there to embark for Barcelona. This credulity seems so extraordinary, that it is not wonderful many historians have refused to believe it. They assert that the King consented to be moved from Pizzighetone under the promise that he was to be taken to Genoa, there to inhabit the palace of Doria, so that the communications with Madrid might be conducted with greater rapidity; that the Viceroy pledged himself that he should not be removed from Italy; that, arrived at Genoa, the Spanish fleet was collected there; and that one morning the Viceroy proposed to the King to embark on board the Emperor's vessel of state to see a naval review, addressing him thus:—

"Sire, je veux vous montrer, par maniere

de passe-temps, et pour vous rejouir un peu, l'armée de mer de l'Empereur. Ses galères, navires, carracques, barques, et autres vaisseaux, entre lesquelles verrez le navire par où l'Empereur passa la mer, bien en ordre autre qu'il n'y en a point, et aussi bonnes voiles sur toutes les mers; et après avoir vu les autres, je vous menerai dedans celle de l'Empereur, laquelle me semble être en bon ordre."

The King, so the history proceeds, eager for any distraction, consented to be present at the review, and allowed himself to be conducted on board; but he was no sooner on the deck of the Admiral's ship than she immediately got under weigh. At first the King thought it was only intended to practise some manœuvres, but when he

saw all the fleet heaving anchor, he suspected some deception, and turning to the Viceroy, expressed his wish that the ship should return to her anchorage; but the Viceroy, with the utmost respect, and uncovered, told him that it was by the express command of the Emperor he had practised this deception upon him. He implored the King to pardon him, urging that if he, under similar circumstances, had given instructions to his servants, he would have expected to be obeyed. He assured the King that the Emperor's reasons were that he might be able to communicate with him personally, and that his arrival in Spain would be the term of his captivity.

The King appeared appeased by this

specious reasoning, and saw without further remonstrance a signal made for a boat to approach with all his equipments, and the officers and gentlemen who attended on him. And thus, says Sebastian Moreau, "they sailed for Vallance la Grande, where there is a fine port, a fair city, and beautiful ladies, who are always courteous and affable."

It is hard to decide which of these accounts is the correct one, or rather which is the least improbable. In either case the infatuation, or weakness, of the King seems quite inconceivable. To believe, after the terms proposed by the Emperor, that when he had him once entirely in his power he would reduce any of his demands, was assuredly the height of folly.

Whether he was entrapped on board the Admiral's ship, or was induced by specious promises to become his own jailor during his voyage to Spain, in whichever mode he allowed himself to be deceived by the Viceroy, he was equally the dupe of his own imagination and his overweening confidence. But for his free will it would have been difficult for Lannoy to have conveyed him on board the fleet; for, as has been already observed, the army were by no means disposed to act against the French sovereign, who had won all hearts by his patience, his magnanimity, and the greatness of his misfortunes.

Whatever the means by which the object was attained, the King was induced to embark at Genoa, and had no cause

to regret his departure from that city. He had been ill received by the population, who hated Spaniards and French alike. They showed their disrespect by a rude and discourteous manner, pointing at the King, says one writer, "as the Jews pointed at our Lord."

Sad and strange must have been the feelings of the King as he skirted the Italian shore, near the orange and olive-clad hill slopes, the spur of the Alpine range; by the land of roses, of poetry, and sunshine; the ships gay with silken pennons, the flagship bearing proudly on one embroidered banner the lions and castles of Spain, and on another the golden fleurs de lys of France. The fleet glided swiftly over the rippling waters. The wind and

waves were free—the King only was a captive.

After the lapse of centuries it is always difficult to realize the past; and yet there are memories, although far distant, which seem to be familiar to us, and we bid them welcome, not as strangers, to the heart. There was in the nature and life of Francis I., as in the nature and life of Charles I., that description of romantic interest which has associated him, not with a particular age, but with all time. Francis I. found a charm in the romance which was associated with his misfortune, and in the eloquence with which he deplored it.

"Oh! triste départir
Du pays tant regretté,

Deuil ne sera oté,
Puisqu'il faut partir.

J'attends jusqu'au revoir
Le pays tant désiré,
Car quelque part que j'irai :
Je ferai mon devoir.

Mais si malheur mérite
Honnête reconnaissance,
De mon peuple, en récompense,
Amour je mérite.

Sur moi laisse-le faire
Ici, je t'en supplie,
Car mort j'aurai la vie,
Si noblement je fais.*

In his verse, as in all his ideas, Francis possessed a grace which appealed to the

* Oh! sorrowful parting
From the land I am leaving:
I gaze on its loved shore,
Silent and grieving.

If worthy, once more
I shall look on its beauty:
But the star which shall guide me
Is the bright star of duty.

heart for sympathy, and which never appealed in vain. It is given to few natures to win so much on the affections of men; but certain it is that, in every home in France, the name of the King was a beloved and household word—that it held such possession of the hearts of men as Charles the Fifth, in his greatest moments, never attained to. This may have been in some degree owing to his physical qualities, which, in the case of Princes, are only second in importance to their mental ones. His

If the deepest misfortune
Is worthy of fame,
And the love of a people,
That love I can claim.

Alone let me sorrow;
Tho' dead, we survive,
In the hearts of our friends,
If nobly we live.

appearance has already been described as most prepossessing; but the courtiers may have exaggerated when they said he was the most graceful and handsome cavalier in France. One feature in his appearance is worthy of remark. He wore his hair very short, and a long pointed beard, which became the fashion of the Court. It had its origin in an accident that happened to him in the winter of 1521. He was amusing himself with the courtiers by snow-balling. One party was defending, and the King's was attacking a house. One of the defenders threw a lighted piece of wood from the walls. It struck the King's head, whose hat had fallen off; and the consequence was a fever, during which Francis lost all his

hair, which he never entirely recovered. His whole appearance was a great contrast to that of his rival Charles V., who is thus described by Gasparo Contarini, in 1525. "His Imperial Majesty is a young man of twenty-five years old; he will be twenty-six on the 24th of February, St. Matthias' day; he is of middle height, neither tall nor short; fair, rather pale than florid, well proportioned in his form, with a good leg and arm, a nose a little aquiline, and keen eyes. He has an aspect neither cruel nor severe, nor can any fault be found with him except his chin, and indeed his whole lower face, which is so large and long that it seems as if it could not belong to his frame, but must have been added to it. When he shuts his mouth he cannot bring

together the upper and the lower teeth, which remain apart by the breadth of a tooth. In the tilt-ground he is as dexterous as any cavalier of his Court. He is of a melancholy complexion." This is scarcely such a picture as would have gratified our Queen Mary, had she seen the Emperor after he told Renard that, "but for his age and infirmities, he would have proposed to her himself."

For a few hours the fleet anchored at beautiful Monaco, situated on a rocky peninsula at the foot of the Maritime Alps, rich in the loveliness and perfume of those flowers which nature has scattered lavishly over that favoured spot. Here, but for his pledged honour, it would have been easy for Francis to escape. It was from

Monaco that he was permitted to communicate again with the Regent and the different estates of the realm. To the latter this letter was addressed, expressed in the following touching manner:—

"My Friends and Subjects,—I am now enabled to write to you, and am sure of the happiness it will give you to receive news of me which are as good as my misfortunes will permit of, for my health and honour are safe; and amid so much to be regretted, it is joyful to learn of all the duty you pay to Madame, and that you prove yourselves loyal and true Frenchmen. I recommend her and my little children to your care, for these are your own possessions; and I am

certain that the zeal and devotion you have shown until now, will make my enemies more disposed to set me free than to make war. The Emperor has offered me certain conditions for my freedom. I have hopes that he will prove moderate, and that all things may turn out well; and be well assured that, for my own honour, and that of the nation, I preferred an honourable imprisonment to a shameful flight; and that if I have not had the good fortune to be of use to my kingdom, for the sake of being relieved from this pain I will never do it harm, considering myself happy for the good of my country to remain all my life in prison.

"FRANÇOIS."

After leaving Monaco, the fleet, which consisted in all of twenty sail, coasted Provence, the paradise of troubadours. They sailed close to the Estrelles, where the undulating mountain-chain dips into the sea. This is the very garden of France, and here the orange, the pomegranate, the palm-tree, and the pine-tree flourish luxuriant in their beauty. The charm of the favoured region could well be appreciated by the King. But soon the fleet steered away from the shore, which slowly faded in the distance; and in the short space of forty-eight hours they were near Barcelona, surnamed the Rich; when the fastest ship was sent ahead to announce the important arrival, and to make the necessary preparations for the illustrious prisoner.

On the 19th the fleet anchored off the city; and if the population of Genoa had shown little interest in the King, it was far different at Barcelona. The accounts of his admirable conduct, of his courage and grace, had reached Spain; the whole town was wild with excitement at the intelligence of his arrival, and turned out to greet him. Moreau says: "Nowhere could be found more noble and beautiful ladies to give him an affectionate reception, for nowhere does so much loveliness exist, and nowhere do the ladies possess greater liberty; for in summer those who are wealthy have mules and palfreys, which they order to the door, magnificently caparisoned, and which are held by their Moorish slaves. Then, after supper, mounting

on their steeds, they are joined by their friends and admirers, and ride over the flowery plains, or by the sands on the shore. And this has been so long the custom, they claim it as a privilege which their husbands dare not resist. There they remain until the twilight, and then return and find a pleasant repast prepared, of ripe and luscious fruits, sweetmeats, liquids, and wines of Romanée and Malvoisie; and they evince for their friends every kindness and tenderness before they part for the night."

The morning of the arrival of the fleet, the whole city was in commotion. The shops were closed as if for a fête-day. The ladies attired themselves in their richest dresses, and put on all their jewels.

Never, says the historian, was greater pomp witnessed. At sunrise the artillery of the forts and the ships in the bay saluted. The King landed about midday; and no conqueror was ever more gladly welcomed than was this illustrous captive. The governor, all the consuls and officers, came to receive him, and the crowds along the quays, and in the streets through which he passed, were so great that many were nearly pressed to death. The King rode on a mule, richly caparisoned. He himself was dressed in blue velvet, the only ornaments his richly-chased arms. After him came the officers of state and his household; and then followed the ladies, their mules led by their Moors. Sébastien Moreau delights to dwell on the excitement the presence of Francis

created among the fair sex, a circumstance to which the young King was the last to be indifferent. "The noble ladies," he says, "when they gazed on this handsome Prince, of such a fine figure and royal presence, remarked among themselves that in all Spain there could not be found so fine a gentleman, and with so sweet an expression. And this opinion was even shared by the gentlemen and cavaliers, who admired him not only for the graces and charms which attracted the fairest portion of the crowd, but for the reputation he had achieved on the battle-field; for they remarked that Roland the Great had never performed greater prodigies of valour, and the reports of all his prowess had preceded him, so that when he landed

on the Spanish soil everyone was prepared to do him honour.

The day following his arrival, the great ladies of the city, dressed in their richest clothes and jewels, and all of

* Gaillard says that the soldiers were in arrears of pay, and that soon after the King arrived at Barcelona they were in open revolt. A tumultuous group gathered before the house occupied by the King and Lannoy. The latter appeared at the window, when a number of muskets were discharged at him. They then endeavoured to assault the house, and the Viceroy had to make his escape by a private entrance. One of the balls grazed the King's ear, another fell near him, several struck a column of marble on which he was leaning. When Lannoy left, the King appeared at the window, spoke to the soldiers with a majestic and kind manner, and sent them a large sum of money. They were at once appeased; but the King was much blamed by his friends for not having availed himself of this opportunity to make his escape.

them masked, asked to be admitted into the King's presence. Several musicians accompanied them, and they performed before His Majesty the Castilian dances with the perfection of grace. The King, in courteous terms, invited them to unmask and to dance with him. Unable to refuse a request expressed in noble and eloquent terms, they complied with the royal wish, and no other country or city could equal the beauty then displayed. The King selected as his partner one who, amid the lovely, was remarkable for loveliness; unrivalled in her grace and accomplishment, and with a manner most winning and gentle; but Francis, in the centre of this animated circle, and surrounded by these graceful ladies, some of whom were attired to re-

present goddesses, nymphs, and dryads, and while the murmur of his praises was heard around him, felt oppressed with a deep melancholy when he thought of the happiness he had enjoyed in his own kingdom, and recalled all the beauties of his mother's Court, with whom it had been so pleasant to talk and dance. This sadness became so manifest in the midst of the general gaiety, that the beautiful lady he had selected as his partner was touched by his grief, and in her native language spoke words of comfort to him, in so tender a manner that she could not fail to soothe him.

"Sire," said she, "it is wrong in you to be in so great dejection, for we re-

ceive you here not as a captive, but as the greatest in the kingdom. Your Majesty has but to ask us all to execute your will while Your Majesty remains here, for it to be done; but this can only be for a short time, for rest assured that you will not long remain a prisoner—the Emperor will restore you immediately to your country, which, we hear, is the most beautiful and fertile on the face of the globe."

Sébastien Moreau continues to describe how, after these remarks, "a beautiful nymph appeared, adorned with glittering ornaments, her long hair hanging down to the ground, and plaited in the Castilian fashion, her neck white as alabaster, her countenance smiling, her ex-

pression attractive, with small mouth and coral lips, her neck hung with necklaces of pearls and diamonds, brilliant as sunbeams, and with a voice soft and gentle, who, after having made three reverences to His Majesty, expressed herself in the following manner: 'Sacred Majesty, and Most Christian King Francis, I am charged, by the ladies and young ladies of this noble town and city, to offer you all honour and respect, to assure you that you are ever most welcome, and that whenever they can render to you honour and respectful service, they are at your commands.'" And then he adds, "In brief, the noblemen and gentlemen and ladies did all in their power to give homage to the King, so that on his return to his noble king-

dom he should tell of all this, to their perpetual honour and glory."

The day after this masque, the King traversed the city to hear high mass. He was accompanied by Lannoy and Alarçon, and followed by a great number of gentlemen belonging to the town, as well as to the fleet. The halberdiers of the Viceroy of Naples, and companies of soldiers armed with pikes, attended as an escort. The church, which was hung with rich tapestry, was resplendent with lights, and a magnificent dais was raised near the high altar. The King declined to take his seat upon it, but knelt at the side, and remained on his knees until the conclusion of the service. During the whole of these proceedings, he was shown the same re-

spect as if he had been the King of Spain.

On the 22nd of June the Royal captive again set sail from Barcelona, and steered for Valencia (the Fair). Here again he was greeted with the same enthusiasm as at Barcelona. Crowds thronged round him at landing, and accompanied him in his progress through the city. It seemed as if the people were never tired of feasting their gaze on that goodly countenance. Charles had ordered that he was immediately to be conducted to Xativa, a fortress some leagues from Valencia, and overlooking the beautful Vega. Xativa was a strong place, captured from the Moors in 1224, and called one of the eyes of Spain, as the key to the south.

From its highest tower, the Torre de la Campana, there is a magnificent panorama, which once seen can never be forgotten. "Beautiful," says Stirling, "beyond the praise of Arabian song is the delicious Huerta (the garden) of Valencia." The plain, teeming with richness, is covered with variegated flowers, the palm-tree and silvery mulberry, the glowing vine and dark cyprus, mingling their hues far into the purple distance. The whole Vega is studded with azure-tiled domes and glittering quintas, the river Albarda winding its way through the wide plain to the blue Mediterranean. But picturesque as the prospect was, Lannoy justly thought that this castle, which was known as the state prison of Spain, and associated with great and il-

lustrious misfortunes, would but ill represent to the French Monarch the generous treatment he was entitled to expect, or justify the confidence the King had placed in his master. He resolved, therefore, to avail himself of the discretionary power the Emperor had given him, and to conduct the King to Benisano, a village situated at no great distance from Valencia, where the governor possessed a spacious palace, and where every arrangement could be made for His Majesty's reception. From thence the Viceroy started for Toledo, accompanied by the Marshal de Montmorency, to see the Emperor, who was at this time residing at that city.

To the infinite satisfaction of the Emperor, one of the points which the Mar-

shal de Montmorency was desired most strenuously to insist on was the request of the King for an immediate interview between Francis and His Majesty. This afforded him at once an excuse for removing his prisoner to Madrid; for while in the vicinity of the sea, which the fleets of France commanded, he never considered that he was quite secure. The King's proposition was therefore eagerly adopted, and immediate arrangements were made for his removal to Madrid, the Emperor at the same time consenting to a truce until the end of December.

All these preliminaries having been arranged, Alarçon, to whose custody the King had been entrusted after the departure of Lannoy, left Benisano with his Royal charge

on the 20th of July. The Governor of Valencia, the Count d'Albyda, and many other personages of distinction, escorted him as far as Requena. There he was met by the Bishop of Avila, who brought him a complimentary message from the Emperor. Then, and not till then, the cortége of gallant gentlemen and dark-eyed beauties, who had so far accompanied him, bade farewell to the hero of their romance. He travelled slowly, and it was not until the 5th of August that the cortége reached Santorcay, where he was met by Lannoy, who conveyed to him fresh assurances of the Emperor's affectionate regard. On the 10th of August he arrived at Guadalaxara, guarded by a strong escort of infantry. Hitherto he had been

lodged in fortresses, the Emperor not thinking him secure in any ordinary residences, but at Guadalaxara he was permitted to accept the hospitality of Don Diego de Mendoza, Duc de l'Infantado, one of the principal grandees of Spain. A magnificent cortége rode out to meet him. The procession was of such length that the head of it had reached the palace before the King had left the chapel, half a league distant, where he had stopped to perform his devotions. The Duke, disabled by the gout, was carried to the foot of the grand stair to welcome his illustrious guest. He was surrounded by a household of such magnificence, that the King could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the splendour of his recep-

tion; nor was the attention of which he was the object confined to his person—all those who accompanied him were treated with the highest consideration. The royal party passed some days in this magnificent feudal residence, to the great delight of the whole district. Plays, dances, tournaments, and jousts succeeded each other. The Duc de Mendoza possessed one establishment not common even to a grandee of Spain—he had a menagerie of every description of wild beast; and on one occasion they were turned loose in the arena where the bull-fights took place. The last day there was a tournament, in which all the nobility and the King himself took part, when he proved that, although a prisoner, his arm was

as free and his courage as great as ever. On leaving Guadalaxara, he expressed to his courtly entertainer how fortunate he thought a sovereign must be to possess such a subject and such a city, adding, says Sandoval, that to do justice to so great a subject, he ought to style him a Prince, and not a Duke. At Alcala de Henarès the cortége was received by the whole university; and from Henarès to Madrid the journey resembled more a triumphal march than the progress of a prisoner of war.

On the King's arrival at Madrid, he was welcomed with an enthusiasm equal to that which had greeted him throughout his journey. By the express instructions of the Emperor, every possible attention

was shown to him. As the French ambassadors wrote to the Regent—"Tant et si bien humainement traité et honoré, qu'il n'était possible hormis la liberté."

In the first instance, he was lodged in the Palace of the Duc del Arco, situated in the centre of the city. He was permitted to ride even into the country; and all the most distinguished of the nobility vied with each other in their desire to do him honour. But this very attention soon awakened the anxiety, it may have been the jealousy, of Charles, so that little by little the freedom which the King enjoyed was curtailed. He was no longer permitted to receive those who waited upon him; and at last he was removed from the residence of the Duc del Arco to one of the towers

of the old palace, the Alcazar, called Los Lujanes, which had on previous occasions been used as a state prison. Such an indignity offered to a sovereign should, says M. de Laborde, be effaced from the history of Spain. It aroused the indignation of the principal nobility, who had recommended to Charles that his prisoner should be set free on parole, in accordance with all the laws of chivalry.*

* Saint Simon, who visited the Alcazar during his embassy to Madrid, has given the following description of it: "In 1722 I visited the Alcazar, and asked to see the prison of Francis I. After much hesitation I was permitted to do so. I was shown a massive door at the foot of a strong tower, which led into a narrow passage, and then by a flight of sixty steps into a small ante-room. At the end of this another double door led to a second room—the scene of the King's imprisonment. The room was very small, and the window so narrow

From this height, as it were from a watch-tower, Francis could overlook the wide and arid plain on which Madrid stands—even at that date a noble city, with its many strong towers and lofty spires. In the far distance he beheld the wide-extending vegas and the mountains of Toledo. In those days of Spanish glory,

as barely to afford sufficient light. It was strongly barred; but from it was a view of the country, and the Manzanares flowing below it. In this room there was barely space for a bed, a table, and a few chairs. The height from the window to the river was not less than two hundred feet, and while the King was there, there were always two battalions of guards at the foot of the hill. Such was the horrible cage where the King was kept a prisoner, where he lay so long ill, where his sister visited him, contributing by her care so much to his recovery; and where at last the Emperor, fearing that he might lose this valuable life, snatched from him by death, consented to an interview with him."

although the Emperor had not at that time finally deserted princely Toledo, Moorish Granada, and stately Seville, for the barren and ungrateful plain through which the sluggish Manzanares winds, the grandees had erected so many noble edifices, that Spanish vanity imagined no city could be compared with Madrid. "No hay sino un Madrid." "Solo Madrid es corte." The Renaissance had not then enriched church and convent with all that beauty which was borrowed from Italian art; but the severe and earnest character of the Castilian nobles was apparent in all they built, as well as in all they did and said. Inferior as are the natural beauties of which Madrid can boast, still beneath a deep blue summer sky, when seen from Los Lujanes, the

combination of azure-tiled roof, of glittering dome, of church and palace, mingling with the dark cypress and the silvery olive, must have afforded a pleasing object of contemplation for the lonely captive.

And now the real pain and anxiety of Francis as a prisoner commenced. The journey, the ever-varying interest of the scene through which he was passing, the excitement his presence created, the admiration he called forth, the hopes he entertained of an interview with the Emperor, to be followed by his speedy release—had all led him to look forward to the future with pleasure. His heart misgave him when he saw the prison to which he was led, and remarked the jealous care with which he was guarded;

and still more so when he found that the Emperor, instead of meeting him at Madrid, remained at Toledo. And this although the Viceroy said that his honour was pledged to the King that the Emperor would receive him on his arrival, and had induced Francis to consent to go to Spain, guarded by his own ships, on the plea that at Madrid a personal interview with the Emperor would remove all the difficulties and obstacles created by distance. But Charles, with his natural shrewdness, knew that calculations and resolutions founded on cold and cautious considerations, should, in order to be maintained, not be subjected to the influence of generous enthusiasm. He thought that if once he met the King, the natural cour-

tesies which must be exchanged would weaken the force of his position. He dreaded the ascendancy which the King might exercise over him, and felt that as sovereign to sovereign, and gentleman to gentleman, he could not insist on those hard terms which he was aware no honourable man should ask, and no sovereign could with honour grant.

The Regent had named as ambassadors to the Emperor, the Archbishop of Embrun, Gabriel de Grammont, Bishop of Tarbes, and Jean de Selve, the first president of the Parliament of Paris. They were received with an amount of distinction that afforded them hopes of a satisfactory issue. Guards were sent to escort them from Saragossa, and the officers of state met

them at the entrance to the city. Arrived at the palace, they found all the Court assembled at the entrance, and they were ushered immediately into the Imperial presence. The Emperor inquired after the health of the Regent, and then all the company departed, except the Seigneur de Nassau, Lannoy the Viceroy, the Marquis de Moncade; and the ambassadors were invited at once to address the Emperor

His Majesty listened with exemplary patience to a long speech from Jean de Selve, in which every example, divine and profane, was quoted, to prove to the wily monarch the beauty of clemency. Charles said, in reply, that he was not sufficiently well read to discuss the matter in that spirit with the learned president; that no

one was a greater admirer than himself of the principles of Christianity and of chivalry; that he desired nothing better than an alliance with the King; and that he would name commissioners to discuss with them the conditions of the King's release. The commissioners he named were the Chancellor Gattinara, le Grand Commandeur Hernando de la Vega, the Viceroy of Naples, the Seigneur de Rocaulx, and the Secretary of State, Jean d'Allemand. The Emperor then promised to see the King on an early day, and signed a safe conduct for Marguerite, Duchesse d'Alençon, to visit her brother.

Up to this time, Francis had not failed to enjoy perfect health. La Barre for-

warded daily bulletins to the Regent. He was able to say, "La santé du Roi, Madame, est je vous assure si bonne, que meilleure ne pourrait être, et n'y fut oncques sur ma foi plus beau ni plus net qu'il est." But, notwithstanding all these assurances, the anxiety of the mother was very great, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême writes to the King: "I have a terrible apprehension that you are suffering, and have some great trouble, which is the reason why I despatch this messenger, that I may be rendered happy by the certainty that my fears are unfounded."

It was at this time Francis wrote the poem entitled "La Guerre du Milanais," which concluded with the following lines

addressed to one to whom he was deeply attached:—

Si libre suis, nos jours ensemble userons,
Tous deux contens, aussi temps passerons,
Et si prison il faudra que j'endure
Finissant mes jours sous peine dure,
Si demeurai je en tel travail semblable,
Comme ay été point, ne sera muable,
Ni mort, ni péril, ni éloignement d'amys,
Ni ces traveaux à quoi je suis soumis,
Indignes sont de leur autorite,
Pour remuer la ferme volonté,
Etant bien sûr de toi, que ton devoir
Donne crédit à ton remantlevoir,
Et que le temps, et la facheuse absence,
Pour oubli sur toi n'auront puissance,
Car ton amour, qui tant est assuré,
En grand travail sera fortifié.
Pour ce faire fier c'est mon dernier vouloir,
En ton endroit de faire mon devoir,
Ne te rendre ton plaisir impossible,
Vivant contente ayant la souvenance
De mon amour sans nulle défiance,
Car au monde mon corps laisse et donne,
Après ma mort mon esprit t'ordonne,

Et immortel tout entier, mon demy.
Témoin est la main de ton amy.*

Feeling now persuaded that it was the Emperor's intention to extort conditions

Once from my prison free,
How gladly shall I, loved one, turn to thee;
Then swiftly will the hours fly,
When thou art ever nigh.
But if the fate of war
Move not my prison bar,
Superior to all harm,
My soul with pride I will arm,
And death shall not me prove
Unworthy of thy love.
Most blessed in that I am sure
That love will e'er endure;
Constant even in inconstant clime,
And more, untired by time.
So shall my heart be ever fortified,
To bear and endure whatever may betide.
Content in the sweet memory
Of the love I bear to thee;
And when from this world's coil my soul is riven,
It shall in thy heart's possession find its heaven."

from him fatal to his honour, and ruinous to the interests of his country to grant, a settled melancholy preyed upon the King, and he sank into a lethargy which terminated in a fever of a very dangerous character. His physicians, Bourganey and Jean de Nimès, were with him. The Emperor sent his own doctor, with one of his gentlemen, Don Juan de Zuniga, to make inquiries, and to return immediately with a report of the condition in which he found the King. That report was most unfavourable, but the Emperor still refused to attach importance to it. In vain did the Chancellor represent that in such a conjuncture it would be more prudent for the Emperor to promise the King his liberty, without ransom or condition, and

thus restore him to health, than incur the risk of losing all the fruits of his great victory by his death. But even at that crisis the Emperor was inflexible, and all that humanity and persuasion could achieve was to induce him to write a cold, indifferent letter to the prisoner, in which he expressed a languid regret that affairs of state prevented him paying the visit he so ardently desired.

There was one comfort in store for the King—that was the visit of his beloved sister Marguerite. She travelled with the utmost rapidity, but, with all her efforts, was unable to achieve more than from ten to twelve leagues a day. On her arrival at Madrid she found her brother in such danger that she thought the

moment had arrived when it was necessary to administer the viaticum. An altar was erected in the room, and the Bishop of Embrun officiated. The King, who up to this time had lain in a state of torpor, unable even to recognize his sister, at the moment of the consecration of the sacred elements opened his eyes and demanded that the sacrament should be given to him; and he received it with such fervour that all the attendants were melted into tears. For a short time after this he rallied, and was able to bear an interview with her whom he loved so well.

Two days afterwards the King had a relapse, and was again pronounced to be in extremity—indeed, for a few minutes he lay in a deathlike trance. A despatch

was forwarded by Alarçon to the Emperor, saying that, if he wished to see the King alive, he must come at once. The Emperor became seriously alarmed. He knew that the death of Francis, while a prisoner in the Alcazar, would have the worst possible construction put upon it throughout Europe, and that the most favourably-disposed would reflect most severely on his harshness and cruelty. Even among his own subjects his conduct had been much censured. He was aware that the state of the captive had excited the most tender interest in the whole capital, and that the churches were crowded with the population offering up prayers for his restoration to health and liberty. The Emperor sent for the Duke of Calabria, the

Duke of Bejar, and others, and exclaimed—"I must do all in my power to see the King; I shall travel post. Those who wish to accompany me must not lose a moment—let those who desire to remain behind do so." At the same instant he jumped on his horse, and, accompanied by the most active of his suite, galloped towards Madrid. The distance is nine leagues (twenty-seven miles), and was accomplished in two hours and a half.

Arrived at the Alcazar, he was introduced into the apartments of the Maréchal de Montmorency; the Viceroy Lannoy being the only one of his suite he permitted to follow him. The King had slightly rallied again, and the announcement of the Emperor's arrival was cautiously made.

When Charles entered the room, the King opened his arms, and raised himself with difficulty. The Emperor tenderly embraced him.

"Your Majesty has come to see your prisoner expire," murmured Francis, in a voice almost extinct.

"No," replied the Emperor, "you are not my prisoner, but my friend and my brother. My only object now is to restore you to freedom;" and, after a pause, he continued—"What, however, is important now is the state of your health; do not think of anything else for the present."

"Sire," said the King, "what I desire is that I should treat with you in person, not through the medium of others."

He added that, in the event of his death, he implored the Emperor to take all his servants under his protection, and even to pardon any accidental offence.

Charles then left, and returned to Toledo. His anxiety on account of the King could not induce him to remain in Madrid.*

* M. Guichard, in his "Etude Historique de la Captivité de François," gives a different version of the first interview of the Emperor and Francis. He says that, when the Emperor entered the room, the King exclaimed—"Empereur mon Seigneur, you see here your servant and your slave." "No," replied the Emperor, "I see in you a free man, and my good brother and friend." M. Guichard also states that the Duchesse d'Alençon arrived at the Alcazar while the Emperor was with her brother; and that His Majesty immediately descended to the foot of the grand stair to receive Marguerite, who was dressed entirely in white, being in mourning for her husband. The Emperor greeted her in the most

Whether it was the joy of seeing his beloved sister, the confidence which he placed in the good intentions of the Emperor, or the natural strength of his constitution, the King rapidly recovered his health, and was able to give all his attention to the negotiation of a treaty; but it was principally through the intervention of Marguerite that he hoped to obtain a favourable result; and assuredly never was ambassadress more richly endowed with all those gifts which could achieve a triumph over the heart of one

cordial manner, kissed her on the cheek, and offered her his hand to conduct her to the King's apartment, where he left her. This interview is very probable, but it is not inconsistent with the fact that the Duchesse had arrived some days previously.

even so phlegmatic as Charles. Hers was indeed

> "Un esprit juste et gracieux
> Solide dans les serieux—
> Charmant dans les bagatelles."

It would appear that she was not at all times permitted to see the King; for much of their intercourse was carried on by correspondence. On the first of October she writes: "The Viceroy is of opinion that I should pay the Emperor a visit; but I have told him, through M. de Senlis, that I have not yet left my apartment, not having been invited to do so; that, whenever the Emperor may send for me, I will visit him, but His Majesty must learn that it is not my place to play the part of a courtier; for the Emperor

has pledged his word that he will negotiate your affairs with myself in person. I shall wait until this evening, and see what course is adopted, and to-morrow will receive your commands, and follow them as closely as I am able. I can see that they fear I may return immediately, and I cannot but think that, if I take a high tone, they will be compelled to adopt a different language. Whatever may happen, be persuaded that by God's providence you will be soon delivered from prison; but I pray you, although they behave so ill, do not permit yourself to be annoyed at a delay which may lead to the much-desired result."

Two days afterwards, on the third of October, the Duchesse d'Alençon left Madrid on a visit to the Emperor. He sent the

Duc de Medina Cœli to meet her at some distance from the city and to compliment her. He himself went to the gates, accompanied by the Archbishop of Toledo, the Dukes of Calabria, De Bejar, and Najara, the Constable of Navarre, the High Admiral of the Indies, the Marquis de Villafranca, and many other great nobles. Marguerite was in a litter, attended by a large number of ladies.

She was desirous of anticipating the Emperor, and pressed on her journey, so that she reached the gates a little before the Imperial cortége. The moment Charles saw her, he uncovered, and drawing near, made her a profound bow. Then leaving her litter, she mounted a beautiful horse, and the Emperor rode by her side to the

house of Don Diego de Mendoza, Count de Melito, where she was to lodge

The next morning Marguerite visited the Emperor. She met him alone, only one of her ladies remaining at the door, as the Emperor had promised Francis should be the case. Charles showed himself full of attention and regard, and was courteous and kind in his manner; but Marguerite soon saw that he had no real intention of sacrificing any of his demands. When the Duchess proposed to refer the cession of the Duchy of Burgundy to the Peers of France and the Parliament of Paris, the Emperor declined the condition. No terms on which they could agree could be found. The Emperor was resolute not to yield, and Marguerite's spirit rose with the

occasion. After a week of fruitless negotiations, she determined to return to Madrid, which she did on the sixteenth of October, accompanied by the French ambassadors. Again the Emperor rendered to his fair visitor every honour. The streets through which she passed were decorated as for a triumphal procession. Charles rode at her right hand; and, in bidding her farewell, renewed all those assurances of regard which she had now learned to place little reliance on. They parted a short distance from the city. The Duchess took the road to Madrid; the Emperor that to Aranjuez.

Soon after the return of Marguerite to Madrid, the Bishop of Tarbes arrived at Toledo, to reside as Ambassador from the

Regent, and fresh negotiations were commenced. Charles at last consented to discuss the new propositions. The two important ones were, that the King should pay down three million crowns as his ransom, and marry the Queen Dowager of Portugal; and the Emperor was to resign for ever all pretensions to the Duchy of Burgundy. This last condition was at once fatal to any further discussion. The Duchy of Burgundy was a usurpation of Louis XI., and the Emperor considered it a point of honour to recover a province which was the cradle of his family. The Bishop of Tarbes was told that no ransom, however large, or concession however great, would be accepted, unless the cession of the Duchy formed part of the treaty. In vain

was it urged by the French Ambassador that, even if the King were willing to concede the cession of Burgundy, it would be impossible for him to carry it out unless he were in France, to influence the States of that Duchy. To this the Emperor replied that, as he was only making a just claim, the King should never recover his liberty until Burgundy was occupied by Spanish troops. But, said the Bishop, what guarantee is there, even if the Duchy could be given up, that afterwards the engagement made with the King would be fulfilled. A question which the Emperor not unnaturally resented, and broke up the conference, referring the Ambassador for the future to his Ministers.

Francis had little confidence in the Emperor, since the false assurances by which he had been induced to place himself in his power. This mistrust was increased by the Emperor's determination not to grant him a personal interview—and only consenting to do so when his life was despaired of. How, then, could he rely on what course his captor would adopt, when, by the restitution of the Duchy, he had degraded himself in the eyes of Europe? Might he not still have been retained a prisoner, crushed by the most bitter of all reflections that can writhe the heart of man, the knowledge of a meanness committed in vain? It is hard to conclude negotiations when neither party trusts the other.

Worn out by these delays, and sighing for freedom, Francis planned several schemes for his escape—one so unworthy of his dignity, and so little in accordance with his notions of chivalry, that the story of it cannot be accepted without great reserve. A negro slave was employed to light the fire in the King's apartments, and passed through so frequently that he ceased to attract any notice of the guards. It was arranged that the King should exchange clothes with him, blacken his face and hands, and in that disguise leave the castle. The plot is said to have failed in consequence of a quarrel between M. de la Rochepot, one of the King's gentlemen-in-waiting, and his valet, M. Clement le Champion, when the former gave the latter a blow.

Both these persons were in the secret, and Champion, to revenge himself, went to Toledo and disclosed the whole plot to the Emperor. The Emperor at first doubted the story, and posterity justifies his incredulity, as no steps were taken after its discovery, nor have any documents been found to prove its truth—it rests on vague reports and suspicions. The only circumstance that at all confirms it is that M. le Champion left the King to join the Emperor at Aranjuez, who took him into his service, sent him into the Netherlands, and gave him a pension for life.

It was at this time that the Emperor proved how little consideration he had for the King, by the reception which he gave

to the Constable of Bourbon, who visited Spain at the Emperor's especial desire. He arrived at Toledo early in November; and if Charles waited for the Duchesse d'Alençon at the gates of the city: to do honour to the great captain and traitor, he met him, although the day was wet and boisterous, at some distance on the road, accompanied by all the foreign ambassadors and a numerous suite. The Constable alighted from his horse, and would have knelt to the Emperor, who desired him to rise.

"Sire," said he, "I have done all in my power for your service. I have lost my estates, and have in all things behaved as a good servant and vassal. I render God thanks for the victory of

your Majesty's arms. What I have risked and lost is little, compared with the zeal which has animated me; and if instead of losing my estate I had lost a kingdom, I should not have repented it."

The Emperor replied:

"Duke, your estate is not, and shall not be lost—you will recover it. I will ensure it to you, and one still more considerable. I know that what you say is true—time and my actions will prove to you my desire to contribute to your greatness. In seeing you, I see the one man in the world I most desired to know personally; for your great deeds I know them well."

They rode side by side to the palace of Count Henri of Nassau. The Constable then

left the Emperor, and occupied the Hotel of the Comte de Clifuentes. The next day the Emperor called upon him, and on every occasion took the opportunity of proving his admiration and gratitude for his services; and as all this was reported by the ambassadors to Francis, he could not fail to consider it an additional proof of the Emperor's ungenerous intentions.

Still the Emperor did not omit every occasion of expressing his ardent desire to come to some arrangement, and while his conduct belied every assurance, he wrote to the King in the following words:—

"Sir, my Brother, at the request of your

ambassadors, I send to you my Viceroy of Naples, and Don Hugue de Moncade, so that your Majesty and your Ministers may be assured how desirous I am for peace. For the service of God, and of all Christianity, and as God is a witness how good are my intentions, I beg you to trust these ambassadors as you would myself. I hope they will be able to give you comfort, and that I shall ever be your true friend and brother,

"CHARLES."

That the letter and the ambassadors did not produce the tranquillizing effect expected may be judged by the King's reply:—

"Sir, I have been made acquainted

ed with your Majesty's determination as to my release, and have to say that the conditions you propose it is not possible for me to accept; and it were as well frankly to tell me that I am to remain a prisoner for life as to demand that which cannot be granted. I am, for my part, now resolved to consider my imprisonment as perpetual, well assured that my God, who knows how little I have merited this treatment, will give me power to bear it patiently. But my chief regret is that those honourable words which it pleased you to use during my illness have remained without result, and that the good of all Christendom is thus sacrificed."

The Duchesse d'Alençon now thought it

desirable to leave Madrid. The period for which the safe-conduct had been given was about to expire, and although a renewal of it was promised, there was much in the conduct of the Emperor to render her uneasy, and anxious to return to France, where she felt, except for the love her brother bore her, she could be more effectual for good. On the 27th of November she left Madrid, after the most tender parting with him to whom she was so affectionately attached. It is said that she received intimation that it was the intention of the Emperor to have her arrested; it is certain that she was followed by a troop of cavalry as far as Roussillon, and it was generally believed that, had she not found there a strong force stationed on the fron-

tier, she would have been stopped. It was on leaving Madrid that Marguerite composed the following verses :—

"Domine, salve fac regem, et exaudi nos in die quâ invocaverimus te."

"Sauvez le Roi, O Seigneur gracieux,
Et exaucez ce jour en vos saints yeux
Nous pour qui nous invoquons votre grace.
Retournez votre bénigne face,
Pour essuyer les larmes de nos yeux.

"Vous êtes seul, par sur tous autres Dieux
Puissant, pitieux, miséricordieux ;
Montrez-le nous bientôt en peu d'espace.
Nous connaissons que nos maux vitieux

"Méritent bien les tourmens ennuyeux
Que maintenant justice nous pourchasse ;
Votre bonté notre malice passe,
Et cette fois nous prions pour le mieux.

"Pour tout jamais que soit deuil incité,
Pour mon bien mettre en grande captivité,

Et lors j'aurai pour douleur amère,
Rappeler au temps de la misère
De l'heure passée de ma felicité."*

Overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of the sister who had so long been his great support, Francis now resolved on an

* "Preserve the King, O thou, the King of kings,
And bless him with thy grace—
Oh! hide not thou the glory of thy face,
From whom alone eternal goodness springs.

"For thou art ever God of gods alone,
Omniscient, pitying, kind;
Restore once more sweet comfort to the mind
That now possesses none.

"We know how we in evil ways have gone,
But to thy throne repentant hearts we bring,
For thou art gracious and long-suffering,
And will forgive the evil we have done.

"For I am sorrowing, sorrowing in vain,
And in my sorrow think of happier days,
Never too long for joys and pleasant plays,
Thus memory becomes the source of pain."

act which has been by some regarded as a proof of the nobility, by others of the weakness, of his character—that was his abdication in favour of the Dauphin. The deed of abdication is very elaborate and somewhat self-laudatory. It recites his prowess at the battle of Pavia, all the dangers which he incurred, his misplaced confidence in the Emperor; but its force is not slightly weakened by the final paragraph, which recalls the whole of the preceding renunciation, in the event of his afterwards obtaining his release. A copy of this deed was transmitted to Charles a few days after the departure of the Duchess. It was not, however, calculated to make any impression on one of his determined nature, but

he dreaded its effect on public opinion in Europe. It was at this time that Erasmus, in an eloquent letter, pleaded the cause of Francis. "If I were such a conqueror," he wrote, "I would thus address the conquered: 'My brother, the fortune of war has made you my prisoner; a like misfortune may occur to me, and your defeat proves to me the vanity of all things human. Be free once more; love me; from henceforth let us only be rivals in our virtues. By releasing you I am gaining more glory than if I were to conquer all France; in accepting your freedom with gratitude, you will gain more than if you had driven me out of Italy."

The earnest character of Francis is shown by the verses written at this time:—

"Si la nature dans sa diversité
Se réjouit voyant l'adversité
Triomphant sur la prosperité,
Estre vaincue,

"Voyez aussi que la verité nue
En ferme cœur n'est jamais abattue
Par trahison qui enfin est cognue
Avec le temps.

"Donc je me tiens du nombre des contents,
Bien que je n'ai en tout ce que je pretends
Si je cognais la fin que j'entends
En ma pensée.

"Et on ne peut l'esprit confiner
Sous nulle loi ni sans vouloir myner.
Ni par la preuve on le peut affiner
En peine dure.

"Le corps vaincu, l'esprit reste vainqueur,
Le travail est toujours le bonheur,
Le seul vouloir ne cognait nul malheur
Qu'il ne méprise."*

The letter that has already been quoted,

* "If nature, in her great diversity,
Rejoices when she beholds adversity
Triumphing over man's prosperity,

these verses, and the whole correspondence of Francis, prove that he seriously contemplated a life imprisonment, and he began to make arrangements to render that imprisonment as agreeable as was possible.

He ordered the Marshal Montmorency to leave Madrid, to serve under his successor,

"So in return doth she congratulate
The steadfast heart, superior to fate,
Never too low depressed—never too much elate.

"Thus feeling, do I suffering rest content,
And never give the harsh expression vent,
By whatsoever pain my heart is rent.

"I by the prison wall may be confined,
But no captivity has force to bind
The independent action of the mind.

"A heart that's full of great and high emprise
Never in life is taken by surprise,
And fortune's change and frowns alike defies.

and assist him with his counsels. Montmorency begged permission to delay his departure, and implored the King not so entirely to despair of the future. But Francis seemed quite resolved in his determination. He sent the marshal to the Emperor, with a list of sixty persons whom he selected to share his captivity. The list included the Provost of Paris, La Barre, his Maître d'Hôtel, his Master of the Horse, his Secretary, La Pommeraye, his chief valet. Then there followed a long list of valets de chambre, valets de garderobe, a barber, a tailor, an upholsterer, cooks and their assistants, butlers, fruiterers, *aumôniers*, his doctor Burganey, an apothecary, a surgeon, ordinary officers, a confectioner,

baker, keeper of plate, and, for his amusement, four pages, singers, three of whom were able to play the lute and other instruments. It was evident that he intended his imprisonment to be enlivened as much as possible.

Although the abdication of the captive monarch produced little effect on the Emperor, there were other causes which made him think it desirable to review his decision, and to come to terms. One was that Henry VIII. had deserted the Spanish alliance, France consenting to pay him two million crowns; and in Italy there was a new confederation, having for its object to drive the Spaniards out of the country. It was composed of the Pope, the Venetians, the Florentines, the

Lordships of Sienna, Lucca, and Mantua; and it was called a league for the defence of the liberties of Italy. Still the Emperor was so entirely under the influence of those who hated France and loved Italy, and who wished the Emperor to make any sacrifice to secure the latter country, that it is probable that the treaty of Madrid never would have been concluded had not the Regent, rendered desperate by the idea of the perpetual imprisonment of the King, and the news of his abdication, at once despatched Chabot de Brion with fresh instructions to the ambassadors at Toledo to conclude a peace at almost any price. The deliverance of the King, she said, was essential to the safety of France. It would be many years before the Dauphin

would be of age. She could not long bear so great a burden as the Regency. The kingdom would certainly fall into great confusion. That even to save the Duchy of Burgundy, the King could not remain a prisoner for life, and see his kingdom and his children ruined.

All this was earnestly represented to Francis by M. de Brion, and as the arguments entirely corresponded with the King's own feelings, the negotiations were immediately renewed. The King now became as anxious to make a peace as he was determined but a short time previous to resist *à outrance*, and the ambassadors were compelled to demand from him a release from all responsibility in consequence of the concessions the King empowered them

to make; for he directed them to renounce at once all claim on the Duchy of Milan, on the Lordship of Genoa, on the Kingdom of Naples; to sacrifice the rights of succession so strongly insisted on by the Kings, his predecessors, to Aragon, Catalonia, and Roussillon. He at once yielded the suzerainté of Flanders and Artois; he gave up Tournay, Montagne, Saint Armand, and the City and Province of Arras. But, above all, he was now prepared to surrender the Duchy of Burgundy and its dependencies. The ambassadors, the Archbishop of Embrun, the President de Selve, and Chabot de Brion were not unnaturally struck with astonishment at the extent of these concessions; but the King discharged them from all responsibility what-

ever. He not only invited, but commanded them to accept them. He said that they were essential for his release, and that by being made the instruments of this sacrifice, they would be rendering the greatest service to the country; whereas by any hesitation they would be the cause of much injury to himself, and of irreparable disaster to the State.

But here the great difficulty arose. The absolute cession of Burgundy, without the consent of the States, was impossible; and that consent could only be obtained by the personal influence of the King. With neither monarch placing faith in the other, how was this difficulty to be overcome? There was but one course possible, and that, suggested by the ambassadors and approved

of by the King, was to offer the Dauphin and his next brother as hostages for the fulfilment of the treaty when concluded."

Meanwhile there arose a great divergence of opinion between the Flemish councillors of Charles and the Spaniards. Charles de Lannoy, Henri of Nassau, and Adrien de Croy were all anxious that peace should be made with France. They urged that, strengthened by the French alliance, the Emperor could defy any Italian confederacy; that it was in the nature of things quite impossible for the King, however anxious to do so, to carry out such conditions, unless he was on the spot; that, with the Dauphin and his brother as hostages, there was a sufficient guarantee for the entire fulfilment of all the stipulations of the treaty. Lannoy in

particular was desirous of being the instrument of the reconciliation of the two sovereigns, and he made use of all his influence with the King to induce him to enter into his views. He had, moreover, studied the character of Francis since his imprisonment, and he felt assured that every confidence could be placed in the strict fulfilment of any treaty into which he might enter.

The Spanish council held quite an opposite opinion. They were decided that the King should not be set at liberty until he had put the Emperor in possession of the Duchy of Burgundy. They urged that, if the King was unwilling to surrender it when he was in prison, he was still less likely to do so when once he was free; that

while the King remained in the power of the Emperor no one would venture to declare war against Spain; that the hostages it was proposed to place in the hands of the Emperor afforded no security for the fulfilment of the treaty. Indeed, in the opinion of the Chancellor, and the opinion was based on a sound view of human nature, it would be wiser not to accept the hostages, for by receiving them the moral claim on the King would be weakened; and he concluded by observing that it was more prudent either to retain the King a perpetual prisoner, becoming thus himself a hostage and pledge for the peace of Europe, or to release him at once unconditionally.

But the Emperor, like his prisoner, was worn out with these endless negotiations;

he desired peace and some moments of repose. Besides, although he had treated the King with so much harshness, he still felt that the principle of the royal authority was weakened by the circumstance of a sovereign being a prisoner of state. He was afraid also of the growing popularity of the French monarch, and of that public disapproval of his conduct and policy which had been so loudly expressed. He differed also with his Spanish councillors as to the political consequences of detaining the King in captivity, and considered him less a pledge of peace than a source of danger. But while Charles was resolved on the treaty, the idea of trusting to the honour of the King for its fulfilment was entirely repugnant to

his nature. He insisted on hostages, but left it for the Regent to choose between the Dauphin and his brother, or twelve of the most considerable personages in the kingdom.

What gave the Emperor most confidence in the honourable intentions of the King was the anxiety Francis displayed for the alliance with Queen Eleanor of Portugal. When this marriage was originally projected by Marguerite, the Emperor declared that his sister's hand had already been promised to the Constable of Bourbon, and that it was not possible to violate the engagement. Queen Eleanor, who was at the time on a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Guadaloupe, had written in the first instance to say that she was en-

tirely in the Emperor's hands, and his will would be hers. On the proposition being renewed, she was far more decided in her views. Lannoy had asked her to consider whether she would prefer to be Queen of France or the wife of a fugitive and a traitor. The Queen at once pronounced for Francis. Her determination enabled the Emperor to beg the Constable to cede his pretensions, for as this alliance was an essential condition of the treaty, without it there would be no possibility of obtaining the restitution of his possessions. He may have added the more powerful argument that he was not master of a woman's inclinations, nor able to control her decision.

At last, after various negotiations, the

articles of the treaty were finally agreed to. They were headed "Articles of Peace between France and Spain, to be signed on the 14th of January, 1526." The principal clauses recited that there should be a sincere and perpetual peace, and free trade between the two countries; that the King should restore not only the dukedom of Burgundy, but renounce all claim whatever to the kingdom of Naples, to the states of Milan and Genoa, and to the earldom of Aste, and make countless other restitutions and renunciations; that the King was to marry Eleanor, the Emperor's sister, widow of the King of Portugal, who was to bring a portion of twenty thousand crowns; that the Dauphin and the Duke of Orléans were to be delivered up as hostages.

One clause was the most galling of any to Francis, "That within six weeks at least after the King had been set at liberty, he should restore Charles, Duke of Bourbon, and his friends, followers, and allies, to all their possessions, lands, moveables, and writings that have been taken from them; and a general amnesty shall be granted for all offences past, and all process against the partisans of Bourbon should be stayed."

Such were the principal features of this fatal treaty, which, almost under the menace of perpetual imprisonment, Francis was compelled to agree to. It was a treaty virtually extorted by force, so unreasonable in its conditions that even the Spanish council anticipated that it never

could be carried out while any of the ancient spirit of the noble French character survived in the nation; so destructive of the monarchy that the French Ambassadors could only be induced to accept it by the King's entirely and unreservedly relieving them of all responsibility. The King felt that from the first he had been the victim, not only of the fortunes of war, but of the Emperor's cunning and treachery. It was relying on the good faith of the promises of the Viceroy, as representing the Emperor, that he had consented to be taken a prisoner to Spain, at the moment when his own fleet commanded the Mediterranean. Ever since his arrival he had been buoyed up with false hopes, and, as has been seen

at the first interview with the Emperor, the promise of fair and honourable treatment had been shamefully violated. He had offered a ransom of unprecedented amount, to be paid down before his release. And it was understood by the laws of chivalry that a ransom was the legitimate mode of acquiring freedom. It was opposed to all custom to take advantage of the fortune of war to dismember a rival power, and, through a fortunate accident, to demand concessions which never would have been asked for, and assuredly never would have been granted, under other circumstances.

These were considerations which must have occurred to the King, and furnished,

in his own mind, an apology for the strange scene about to be enacted in his prison. The verses already quoted, every word he uttered, showed the high sense which he entertained of honourable obligations. When, therefore, we find so great a mind deviating from the broad and distinct line of truth, we must at least approach the subject in an indulgent mood, while in no degree extenuating any deviation from the great law of right, that "magna vis veritatis, quæ," says the great master-spirit of antiquity, "contra hominum ingenia, calliditatem, solertiam, contraque fictas omnium insidias, facile per se ipsa defendat." Such, unfortunately for Francis, had not proved to be the result of an honourable and truthful

conduct. He found himself opposed to a cold, unscrupulous, heartless nature, and he chose, most unfortunately, to entertain the idea that promises extorted by force were not binding in honour, and that any means are lawful to escape from an unjust persecution.*

* How different was the conduct of Francis when, in after-years, Charles visited the Low Countries, to put down a revolt at Ghent, and asked Francis for a safe-conduct through France. The latter received his former captor with every honour that could be rendered to a Sovereign. The High Constable of France bore the Sword of State before him, as though he were the Sovereign; birds were let loose on his progress, to signify he had conferred on him the power of pardoning. Francis went to meet him at Charleroi. He was welcomed with the most sumptuous fêtes, tournaments, and banquets at the royal residences of Amboise, Blois, Orleans, wherever he stopped. One incident of his reception was at least original. It is said that as the Emperor approached

The treaty was to be signed on the 14th of January, and on the evening of the 13th there met, in that small room which served as a prison, all those friends of the King on whom he could place the firmest reliance. The approach to the stairs was watched by the most confidential of his servants: for if any suspicion of the proceedings of that night had crept abroad, no treaty of Madrid would have been con-

Fontainebleau he was met by all the nobles and great ladies of the Court, disguised as gods and goddesses, who danced before him as he rode through the wood, and then disappeared in its recesses. At Fontainebleau, says Martin du Bellay, "Le Roi festoya l'Empereur, et lui donna tous les plaisirs qui se peuvent inventer, comme des chasses royales, tournois, escarmouches, combats á pied et à cheval, et sommairement toutes sortes d'esbattements. Les dispositions de cette fête furent dues au Rosso."

cluded the next day, or the prison bars ever have been removed.

There were present on this important occasion the first President de Selve, the Archbishop of Embrun, the Marshal de Montmorency, Chabot de Brion, the Provost of Paris, La Barre, and the Secretary Bayard. All these were sworn to the most perfect secrecy. Then it was that the King, at great length, recalled all the circumstances that had occurred since the disastrous day of Pavia—the falseness of the Emperor, the determination expressed to ruin and dismember France. He mentioned that he had frequently stated both to Lannoy and to Alarçon that if he were compelled to sign harsh conditions, under the threat of perpetual imprison-

ment, he should not consider himself bound to ratify the treaty. He confirmed the just appreciation of the Chancellor Gattinara when he said, "The King has been required to give his own children as hostages; and he is always in charge of guards, horse and foot. His good faith is never relied on." That faith, the King continued, he had offered to pledge honourably, frankly, and fairly, and had his word been accepted simply and unreservedly, he would have sooner died than have forfeited it. But the Emperor distinctly declined to receive his promise, which at once proved how little interest or regard he entertained for the King, and that his only object was to obtain everything; making demands which were quite inconsistent with

the King's honour to grant. The Emperor had refused the immense ransom offered by the King, which was of greater value than the Duchy of Burgundy. For these reasons the King, finding himself placed in this painful necessity, that he could not recover his liberty or defend his kingdom, which so much required his presence, Madame, his mother, being frequently ill, and his children so young that they were no support to each other, and, besides, belonging not so much to himself as to the kingdom, he, the King, now protested before all present, and before God, that he would do nothing contrary to the honour of God, to his own honour, or to the prejudice of the kingdom; and in the treaty to be signed to-morrow, he

had only in view to avert miseries and inconveniences from his kingdom, and would sign it under force and constraint, and the menace of perpetual imprisonment. So whatever he was compelled to do should be null and of no effect; and he protested against all the treaties, conventions, transactions, renunciations, revocations, and promises which he might sign against his honour and the good of the crown, for the profit of the Emperor and others; but at the same time, to have God and right on his side, he wished it to be understood that when at liberty he would do for the Emperor all that a king, a prisoner of war, should be called upon to do; and would offer him such a ransom as everyone should acknowledge would fulfil all just demands and his own duty.

The course which the King recommended was approved by all present. The *procès verbal* of a declaration of future faithlessness—(must the word be written?) of future perjury—was duly signed; and so little did the King anticipate the judgment which posterity would pass on his conduct, that he desired it should be recorded as a public deed, several copies of it to be taken, with the view of ultimately sending them to the public officers of state, and to all the ambassadors; and yet when the council was broken up, and the King was left to himself, his pain and anxiety can well be imagined, for no one was more sensitive on points of honour, or had a deeper sense of the obligations of knighthood and chivalry. These obligations he

was about to set at defiance and to violate a good faith which, up to that time, had never been pledged in vain. We can picture him in his solitude, pondering over all those deceptive subtleties and fine-drawn arguments by which he had endeavoured to palliate his future breach of faith, but which never could overthrow the true instincts of a loyal mind. Months had swept by since he had been made a prisoner—months of miserable inaction and gloom, which must now have obscured his own noble, fine intelligence; otherwise far better to have remained in prison, with his heart's own bitterness, than to have forfeited his honour; for not harder is it to weigh the weight of the fire, to measure the blast of the wind, and to call back the day that

has gone, than to regain the honour which has once been lost.

In the same room the next day (14th January) a very different scene was to be enacted. Here, where the secret protest had been made, and the pledge of falsehood given, where the ministers had signed a *procès verbal* renouncing in anticipation all future engagements, a solemn rite was to be performed, which was to bind the King to an irrevocable engagement. An altar was dressed, and the Archbishop of Embrun, who had been the first witness of the secret conference, performed high mass in the presence of all those who had taken part in the proceedings of the previous day, with the addition of Lannoy, the Prior of Messina, Ugo de Moncada,

and the Imperial Secretary, Jean Lallemand. The mass finished, the treaty was read, and the King, taking the Bible in his hand, swore that he would religiously observe it. But Lannoy, on the part of the Emperor, was not satisfied even with this assurance, but required him to pledge his knightly faith never to violate any of its stipulations. Francis here hesitated for some time, assigning as his reason that he had done sufficient in signing the treaty and taking the oath; but Lannoy persisting, he at last consented. Then, uncovering his head, and placing his hand in that of the Viceroy, he pronounced the following words:

"I, Francis, King of France, pledge my faith to Charles, the Catholic sovereign and

gentleman, in the presence of you, Charles de Lannoy, appointed by the Emperor and acknowledged by me as his representative, that if, within six weeks after the day that the Emperor shall have caused me to be set at liberty to return to my kingdom of France, I do not fulfil the condition of the restitution of the Duchy of Burgundy, and all the other stipulations of the treaty signed and sworn to by me, and if all the other engagements mentioned in the treaty are not carried out within the space of four months, I will return to the Emperor, wherever he may be, and deliver myself up as his prisoner, so to remain wherever he may please to detain me, until all the articles of the treaty are entirely accomplished."

The Secretary of State, Lallemand, as Imperial notary, drew up a note of this declaration, and again read it out to the assembled gentlemen. Then the Viceroy withdrew, to inform the Emperor that the treaty of Madrid was an accomplished fact. Between the Emperor and the King letters were immediately exchanged, containing protestations of mutual friendship and confidence. The extreme earnestness of these assurances justified the suspicions of their sincerity. They protested too much. Charles wrote to the Regent:

"Now that I have recovered in the King your son a good brother, and that I give you the Queen my sister for a daughter, I must return to the affectionate name I formerly used, and call you my good

mother; and because I henceforth so consider you, I must claim from you, for myself and my sister, all proof of your affection."*

But notwithstanding the assurances of the Emperor, during the time which intervened between the signature of the treaty and its ratification by the Regent, his conduct showed how little reliance he placed in the good faith of the King. He considered as one of the most binding clauses—a clause which was also most strongly insisted on by the King—that which stipulated for his marriage with the Queen of Portugal; and

From this time Eleanor of Portugal took the title of "Queen of Francis I.," and always signed "La très obéissante femme du Roi de France," although they were not married until 1530, after the Treaty of Cambrai.

six days after the treaty was signed, before the necessary dispensation was received from Rome, Lannoy arrived at the Castle, and abruptly entered the apartment of the King, accompanied by a priest. He brought a procuration from the Queen, to exchange pledges with the King. Francis was at the time in bed, anxiety and a secret remorse having caused a relapse of the fever from which he had so lately recovered. He expressed some surprise at the little ceremony with which he was treated, but at the same time complied with the Emperor's wishes, and the formal ceremony of the betrothal was completed, Lannoy standing booted and spurred by His Majesty's bedside. Lannoy was, moreover, desired by the Emperor to ex-

press his wish that from that hour the King should speak of his sister only as his wife.

But the style and endearing terms of brotherhood did not prevent the Emperor from continuing to treat his friend and new ally as his prisoner. Guards were still posted round the Alcazar, and the periodical visits of the officer on duty, who was responsible for his safe custody, were not for a day omitted; only the Emperor seemed less jealous of his popularity, and he was permitted to ride about the city, and to visit the different churches, where the population crowded round him, with the warmest expressions of admiration and respect.

On the twenty-ninth of January he visited the church of Notre Dame d'Alocha; and

as preparations had been made for his reception, the crowd on his passage and in the church was very great. The ladies, in honour of the occasion, crowded the nave and aisles, and the balconies were decorated as for a day of public rejoicing. He had now recovered from his illness, and the prospect of his speedy release added the charm of happiness to the natural grace of his expression. Lannoy and the officers who surrounded him observed, with jealous regret, that, if Charles commanded the respect and awe of the people, Francis was formed to win their love and affection.

At last Charles felt it was necessary, if the treaty was ever to be fulfilled, to give the first example of his regard for its provisions by releasing his prisoner; and on

the 13th of February he left Toledo to make the preliminary visit to the King. He departed in great state, and the grandees of the Court did honour to the occasion by their presence. The Emperor was dressed in a suit of black velvet, which had the effect of giving a sterner and paler aspect to his countenance. On great occasions he could assume a majestic and dignified manner, not without a certain grace and courtesy. Calm and composed he passed through the eager crowd which this magnificent progress had collected together from the surrounding country.

Francis rode forth to meet his former adversary, afterwards his jailor, now his friend and brother. He strove to vie with him in the magnificence of his presence, as he

had formerly done in arms. His horse, one of great beauty, was richly caparisoned, and many an expression of admiration was murmured as he swept by, cap in hand, bowing low and smiling graciously, in acknowledgment of the salutations and exclamations which burst forth from all sides. On his right rode the Grand Master of Rhodes, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, on his left the Captain-General Alarçon. Then came those who had been faithful to him in his misfortunes, friends in adversity as in the hour of triumph. Three hundred picked men of the Garde followed, for the first time, as an escort of honour; until that moment he had been watched as a prisoner.

It was on the bridge over the languid

Manzanares that the Monarchs met; and to the crowds who gazed from the heights of the Alcazar, and from the slopes of the hill on which the city stands, the scene must have been a striking one. The public of those days had one pleasure ever dear to the people—the grandeur of the pageants Princes loved to indulge in. But on this occasion there was an interest beyond the pomp and splendour of the scene. Never before had two Monarchs, captor and captive, met under similar circumstances; never before had two such rivals in ambitious hopes, with power to maintain them, ridden side by side, and hand in hand; for this, after the first salutations, when each vied in courtesy who was to cede the place of honour to the other, was the

manner in which they rode into the city, amid the loudly-expressed delight of the crowd, who marvelled to see such concord between two formerly implacable foes.

Nor did the mutual sympathy that seemed to exist between them terminate with that evening. The next and other succeeding days they made excursions together, and worshipped in the same churches. On the 16th the Emperor consented to gratify the anxiously-expressed desire of Francis to be allowed to visit the Queen Eleanor, who had gone to Illescas. They left Madrid followed by the same splendid cortége, and always with the appearance of affectionate fraternity. The first night they slept at Torrejon de Velasco, in a magnificent

feudal château, and the next day proceeded to Illescas. The Queen Eleanor could see the procession as it moved over the plain, and appreciate before his arrival the grace and charm of her affianced husband. Accompanied by the Queen Germaine de Foix, widow of Ferdinand the Catholic, and all the ladies of the Court, she awaited his arrival in the gallery of the castle.

The two monarchs alighted at the palace gate, the doors of the gallery were thrown open, and the King entered. The Queen fell on her knees, and endeavoured to kiss the King's hand.

"No," said the gallant monarch, "it is not the hand I owe you, it is the lips."

And he tenderly raised her and kissed

her cheek; then, arm-in-arm, and with, we are told, a loving and courteous manner, they entered the room which had been prepared for a dance, in which accomplishment the Queen excelled. She was very graceful in her movements; but Francis could scarcely be enraptured by her personal charms. She is described as cold and serious, but with an earnest look. She had small eyes, and the hereditary lip of the House of Hapsburg. The Venetian ambassador pronounced her to be more Flemish than Spanish. She was remarkable for a peculiar gentleness and sweetness of character, for very admirable presence of mind, and for rare unselfishness of nature. The Commandeur Don Luis d'Avila said of her, "Qu'elle était une sainte innocente, et n'avait plus de malice

qu'une colombe." All these were qualities charming in themselves, but scarcely suited to win such an admirer of beauty as Francis. But in all that the King did there was a charm which could not fail to attach a mind like the Queen's. Whatever his secret impressions, he was devoted in his manner, and expressed great admiration for his bride. For three days the fêtes continued, and each day gave Charles greater confidence in the successful result of a treaty which he had concluded against the advice of all his old and faithful councillors. (Appendix F.)

On the 19th of February, the Emperor and the King left Illescas, the former to proceed to Seville, where he was to be affianced to the Infanta Isabella of Portugal; the latter to return to Madrid, as he now confidently hoped, on his way

to France. Arrived at a cross-road, where they were to part, the Emperor seemed suddenly to recall the misgivings of his faithful Chancellor, and turned round to the King.

"My brother," he said, "do you remember the engagements you have entered into with me?"

"Yes," replied Francis; "and I can recall every article of the treaty we have concluded."

"Then," continued the Emperor, "renew to me the assurance that you will faithfully execute it; and that, whichever of us two shall fail in performing his engagement, shall own himself to be a false and perjured man."

"I shall fulfil all the conditions," replied

Francis, "so soon as I re-enter my kingdom—nothing shall prevent me."

"During the wars we have carried on," continued Charles, "I have never borne you any personal hatred; but if you should prove false to me, I shall consider the injury so great, that my hatred and enmity never will cease for life; and my one object will be to gratify an implacable vengeance."

"Again," said Francis, "I swear to perform all I have promised."

Then they parted, with every protestation of affection, commending each other to the protection of the Almighty, whom they invoked as witness of their plighted faith.

On the next day, the 20th of February, it was arranged that Francis should leave

his melancholy prison; but the departure was delayed twenty-four hours, for the troops of Alarçon, who were to guard him, under the pretence of an honourable escort, had not received their pay. On the 21st, the King bade farewell for ever to Madrid, that city so fraught for him with the most painful recollections. The illness he had suffered, the bitterness of a prolonged captivity, and the loss of his beloved sister's society, had in some degree weakened the natural strength of his character. When he first entered his prison, it was with the firm determination that no compromise should ever be made with his honour, and that a noble death was preferable to an ignoble life. But when his mother placed before him his duty to the State; reminded him of the obligation under which he lay,

that the country should never be sacrificed through him; urged the view that oaths extorted by violence were never held to be binding; and maintained that the Emperor, by insisting on such stipulations, clearly showed that he did not consider they could be enforced—all these specious arguments, concurring with his own secret wishes, blunted that keen sense of truth which was an instinct of his princely nature.

The inhabitants poured forth to see for the last time the sovereign whose misfortunes, the more bitter from his greatness, had enlisted all their sympathies. The grandees bade him farewell with the dignity which always characterised the Castilian nobles. The ladies for the time cast aside their reserve with their veils, and threw flowers on the path of him who realised the ideal

of their romance. No one loved such demonstrations more than Francis, and by no one could they have been more gallantly and gracefully acknowledged. As the crowd pressed on the cortége, the guards were ordered by Alarçon to close round, as if he even then dreaded some evasion or rescue, which would have compromised the too-successful treaty.

Lannoy, who had now for so many months been associated with the King, was ever on the alert, for his instructions were not to lose sight of his charge until the hostages were delivered over to him. Through the defiles of the wild sierras, and by many a stream winding through the empurpled vegas, rich in flowers of various hues, the procession

passed, amid a population which crowded from a long distance to gaze on the unparalleled spectacle. Arrived at Aranda, on the Douro, a halt was made for some days, to regulate the order of proceeding at the delivery of the King. Being only fifty leagues from the frontier, this delay proved to the King the most anxious and painful part of the journey. He still feared lest something should occur to interfere with his release; and but for the care with which he was guarded, he would most probably have hazarded an attempt to escape across the frontier. He agreed with the Viceroy, on the 26th of February, that, ten days before and ten days after his release, no assemblage of people should be allowed within

twenty leagues on either bank of the Bidassoa. Twelve commissioners, on the part of the Emperor, were to visit the ground, and report that the whole line of country was clear of troops on the day of the exchange, which was to take place on the island in the middle of the stream. Between Fontarabria and Andaye no boats were to be permitted, and all vessels of war, French or Spanish, were to be withdrawn from the mouth of the river. No gentleman of the Royal household, no archer of the Guard, or knight, was to pass beyond St. Jean de Luz.

From Aranda Francis I. and the Viceroy despatched Chabot de Brion and the commander Peñalosa to the Regent with the terms of the exchange which had been

drawn up; and fixed the day on which she was to reach the river with the King's sons. On the 2nd of March Francis moved from Aranda to Vittoria, and there another halt was made.

On the 5th of March letters were received from the Regent, announcing that she was approaching the frontier with all speed. She left St. Just on the 1st of March for Bayonne, accompanied by a numerous Court. Doctor Taylor and Louis de Praet, ambassadors from Henry VIII. and Charles V., met her at Roanne. She embarked on the Loire, then swollen with heavy rains —that river styled by Barrère "ce torrent révolutionnaire." She passed by gloomy Blois, the scene of dreadful incidents in the past, and soon again to be the

theatre of terrible events. At Amboise, they were rejoined by the princes, the children of France, who were waiting to be led to their prison. Although the King had the option of delivering as hostages twelve of the principal nobility, including the Duc de Vendôme, the Duc d'Albany, the Comte de Saint-Pol, the Comte de Gruse, the Grand Sénéchal de Normandie, Chabot de Brion, the Seigneur de Savre de Bretagne, he preferred to sacrifice his own children, for France could not spare such eminent captains; yet the sadness was universal when the royal children, who were destined to a prolonged captivity by no fault of their own, were united to the melancholy progress. It was a heavy ransom to pay even for the King's freedom.

On the 7th of March intelligence was received at Vittoria of the immediate approach of the Regent. But her progress, rapid as it was considered in those days, did not correspond with the impatience of the King. The Regent reached Bayonne on the 15th, and there a new convention was to be entered into with the Viceroy, to regulate the mode of exchange of the King for his children. It was on the morning of the 17th, in the midst of the most minute precautions, that Francis was to be restored to liberty.

The Bidassoa has witnessed many an event of historic interest, but few before or since of greater importance than this deliverance of Francis I. There is little to charm the eye in the river itself, so slug-

gishly does it flow on its course through a marshy plain; while in the background appear the wild and rocky mountains, the Montagnes Vertes, with steep and gloomy defiles leading through them. No military display was permitted on this extraordinary occasion, and the solitude and loneliness added to the solemnity of the spectacle. Francis I. was accompanied by the Viceroy alone; Lautrec had charge of the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans. In the middle of the river, half-way between Fontarabia and Andaye, pontoons were anchored, on which a platform was placed. Two boats of exactly the same size, and manned with the same number of rowers, were prepared on each side of the river. At a given signal

Francis entered one, still accompanied by the Viceroy, Lautrec the other, having in his charge the two young Princes. Each boat contained ten gentlemen, who only wore their swords. At the same moment the King and his children ascended the platform, and so jealous was the Viceroy of any possible advantage being taken of numbers by the King, that, while the ten gentlemen on each side remained in the boats, Alarçon was ordered to accompany Francis on the platform, to counterbalance the presence of Lautrec. The Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans rushed into the arms of the King their father, who tenderly embraced them, and then crossed to the other side of the platform.

Now, Sire," said Lannoy, "that Your Highness is free, we rely on your good faith to fulful all your promises."

"Everything shall be accomplished that I am pledged to perform," replied the King.

Again he turned to the children, who were weeping at this sorrowful parting, and clasped them in his arms; he then descended into the boat, which bore him rapidly to land. So eager was he to touch French soil, that he did not wait for the boat to reach the bank, but stepped into the water. Then all the past was forgotten in the immense joy of feeling himself once again free. Horses were ready; he vaulted into the saddle, put spurs to his charger, took off his hat, with its panache of white plumes, and waved it towards

Spain, exclaiming, in a transport of delight "Maintenant je suis Roi—je suis Roi. en [illegible]"

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A

Madame la Duchesse parlant à l'âme de Madame Charlotte.

" Repondez moi, O douce âme vivante,
Qui par la mort que la foule épouvante
Aurait été d'un petit corps délivré,
Oui, mon enfant, parlez à votre tante,

" Qui tant souffre auprès vous languissante,
Qui desire que peine et mort me livre
De cette vie, par desir de vous suivre.
Pour soulager ma douleur violente,
Repondez moi !

"Reply to me, sweet spirit, gentle, mild,
Who by that destiny which men so fear
Art snatched away from all who love thee nere,
Reply to me, dear child.

"Reply to her who loves thee tenderly—
Whose life itself seems only grief and pain,
And all its objects purposeless and vain,
Bereft of thee.

"Reply to her who cares not to survive—
Whisper the word of comfort to a heart
Which from this world would gladly now depart
With thee to live."

And the following also are full of beauty:—

Rondeau par Madame La Duchesse Marguerite.

"Ce n'est qu'un cœur, et ne sera jamais
De vous et moi, ainsi je te promets,
Quelque chose que vous puisse advenir,
Le sang ne peut, au contraire, venir,
Ni la raison, aussi je m'y soumets,
Ce n'est qu'un cœur.

"Ma volontè à la votre je remets,
Parole et fait entre vos mains je mets,
Puisque je veux votre ami devenir,
Ce n'est qu'un cœur.

"Ainsi de tout à toi je me remets,
Qui votre suis, et serai desormais
Mieux qu'oneques plaise vous souvenir
De notre accord, pour vous y maintenir
A toujours, puisque en vous je me desmets,
Ce n'est qu'un cœur."

"It is only a heart
That thou canst bestow,
But, possessed of that heart,
I can brave fortune's blow,
Though 'tis only a hear

"Thy will is my will,—
I have no wish but thine;
All enjoyment of life
Will I gladly resign
For only a heart.

"So now all in all
My life given to thee,
In absence and sorrow
Remembering me,
Let me dwell in thy heart."

B

The following graceful lines have been attributed to the King:—

"Quittez, ma chère, ce desconfort,
Jeunes ans sont petites pertes,
Vous êtes beaucoup plus bien et forte
Que la jeunesse mal experte.
Boutons serrés, roses ouvertes,
Passent trop promptement,
Mais des rosiers les feuilles vertes
Durent beaucoup plus longuement."

"Cast aside all doubts and fears,
Cease, dear one, to pine and fret,
For to mourn o'er youthful years
Is an idle, vain regret,

Budding rose and flowret fair,
Too soon they perish and decay,
But the leaves the roses bear
Green remain in winter's day."

C.

Dr. Sampson to Cardinal Wolsey, on the news of the Battle of Pavia reaching Madrid.

"May it please your Grace, by a courier that passed through France with the French king's safe conduct, came first the news here that upon St. Matthew's Day, at Pavia, 1528, the French king was taken prisoner, and many other noblemen taken and slain. The same day was the Emperor born, *et jam complexit XXV.* I was the same night with His Majesty, *et maxime gratularer hinc insperatæ felicitati;* and after

that I had spoken, not with many words, for, as I said, the news was of so great excellence and joy, as well to His Majesty as to his friends and all Christendom, that in no manner of ways it was in me to express by words the joy and excellence of it. After I had said this His Majesty first answered that without fail the news was very good and joyful, and his very hope was that such effect would follow, with God's help, to his friends and all Christendom. And three things caused him to have joy of this victory. First, that it had pleased God to give such a rare and excellent gift to him, and therefore most humbly he thanked God, for he, a sinner, never hath or shall deserve such a singular goodness of God; and the

second thing that causeth him to be joyful of this victory, is that he trusts that by the same such a sure and universal peace shall follow to all Christendom, that shall not only be to the quietness of the same, and establishing of love, but also that he and his friends, by the reason of such unity and accord, may employ their temporal forces to the defence and augmentation of Christ's faith; thirdly, His Majesty said that this victory was joyful to him, *tam amicorum quam inimicorum causâ*, for he would assuredly endeavour himself that this victory might be to the profit of his friends rather than his own, for he assured me that he was for nothing ambitious for more than he possesses; and with humble words thanking

God, he said that his daily prayer was to have grace given him well to govern and order such possessions as he hath; and, as touching his enemies, they shall well perceive that though he shall have place, time, and, with God's hope, power to revenge himself, yet, acknowledging all to be of God's hand and pleasure, his mind is to use such moderation, that in him shall be found no intent of cruelty or vengeance. These virtuous and singularly wise words His Majesty used, with such a grace in the speaking of them, that we could not fail to admire, after such a rare and excellent victory, his moderation of gest and countenance, and, as it seemed, also of inward intent and mind; that though I was no less glad of the victory than many others,

yet much more glad was I to perceive the victory in his hands, that had the grace of such temperance and modesty, and so expressly I said to His Majesty, for I assure your Grace there was no more semblance in him of arrogance, or change of manners, than if no such great thing had happened, *nullo fastu, nulla arrogantia*; and when he was advised by some to give great triumph for his victory, he expressly desired no such thing should be, as the victory was won against Christian men; but since it had been God's pleasure to give him such a victory, the next day, in a general procession, he would give thanks to Him. So the next day the general procession of all the town went to the Chapel of Our Lady, and

thither walked the Emperor, in a cape of black frieze, without any more semblance of triumph.

"The victory was the more admirable, for without fail, sir, the Lord Chancellor showed me that in the Emperor's camp were many who died for hunger. The soldiers had no clothes; they were in such extreme necessity it was not possible to bide longer. The French King was advised that the Emperor's camp was in arms, and were the same night to leave the field; wherefore the French King's camp was also in arms, to pursue them on the way. So when they saw them enter into such a boldness whom they thought to pursue flying, it was a great change, and the more marvellous.

"The next day after the procession, because the preacher would not say it in his presence, the same preacher said, in another place where he preached, that when the Emperor commanded him the day before to preach of this victory, he was told to refer everything to the power and goodness of God, and expressly charged him in nothing he should speak of any praise touching the Emperor, nor in any manner of way of reproach against his enemy.

"In sum, the Emperor hath used such demeanour in all manner of things, both by word, deed, and countenance, and towards all manner of persons, that every wise man hath been most joyful to see it, *magnâ cum admiratione in ætate tam tenerâ.*"

D

The following is the graphic account, by Sébastien Moreau, of the King's arrival:—

"Quand on eut appris que la flotte arrivoit, chascun se met en devoir de se mectre en triomphe, faire serrer boutiques, comme s'il feust le jour de Pasques. Les dames se serrèrent dedans leurs cabinets, se despouillèrent et prindrent leurs beaux habillemens et se parer de leurs belles joyes, carcans, affiquets, tissus, en la plus grant pompe qu'ilz pouvoient; et eurent bien loysir de ce faire . . . . . L'artillerye de ladite flotte et armée de mer commença auprès de la ville à la saluer, se faisant entendre de bien loing. Trompectes, clérons, hautsboys, doulcines, phiffres, tabou-

rins, et aultres instrumens en grant nombre, commencèrent à faire bruict mélodieulx . . . . . Les gouverneurs, officiers, et consulz de ladite ville lui vindrent au devant, chevaliers et autres gens à cheval acoustrez et montez qu'il n'y failloit riens : les dames parées et acoustréez, sur leurs mules ayant leurs laquets mores ou esclaves parez de mesmé. Ainsy meist pyé à terre, devant une si belle compaignie, le Roy, qui monta sur une mule bien houssée et accoustrée qu'l n'y failloit rien, et habillé très richement ; ainsi passa chemyn par la ville jusques en son lougis. Il faut entendre que par là où il passa quasi tout le peuple de ladite ville y estoient jusques à se serrer si fort, qu'il y eust beaucoup de mortes. Les dames,

qui voyoient si beau prince, d'une si belle stature et faconde royalle, tenoient propoz l'une à l'autre que en touctes les Espaignez n'y avoit pouinct de si bel gentil homme, si bien troussé, tant bien fendu et le visaige humain et begnyn; si les dames se fesoient grant compte, enchores en faisoient plus les gentils hommes et chevaliers. Brief, tant de jours qu'il demora au dit Vallance ne tenrent compte sinon de sa beauté non pareille, aussi des faiz d'armes qu'il avoit faits au combat, tant à cheval, avoir passé et repassé sur son cheval l'armée dudit Empereur, combatu à l'espée et après à pyé main à main, en sorte que Roullant ne feit jamays plus de vaillances que feit ledit seigneur, desquelles choses estoient bien advertys

le peuple, hommes et femmes, dudit Vallance par les gentils hommes venuz devant faire faire les préparatives. Conclusion, ils ne se pouvoient saouler de deviser de la magnanimité et prouësse dudit seigneur, qui dura long-temps: ainsi par la forme que dessus ledit seigneur entra dans ledit Vallance, auquel lui fut faict recueil ainsy que dessus est dit et très bonne chère.

"..... Il est à présupposer que les dames dudit Vallance, après ce que le Roy fut ung peu de repos, et mesmement le lendemain au soir, ne furent point déshonteuses de l'aller visiter en son lougis, habillées et paréez .....; les unes masquées, avec leutz, violles, rebetz, tabourins et autres instrumens, et dancèrent devant luy à la castillane, pour luy donner con-

fort et esjoussement, dont d'aucunes d'elles, après plusieurs esbatemens, dances, et carvaiges faictes, les pria qu'elles se voulissent démasquer et dancer avec luy s'il leur plaisoit, lesquelles n'ausèrent l'esconduire ny refuser à sa majesté royalle par la si belle et si doulce parolle et tant éloquente qu'il leur prononçoit: incontinent mirent à bas leurs masques, et n'est rien si certain que estoient quasi toutes déesses, de la beauté non pareille qui estoit en elles, tant parées par la teste et sur l'estomac et d'autres parures précieuses de rubis, diamans, saphirs, émeraudes, que c'estoit une belle choze à veoir la beauté d'icelles. Le Roy pria l'une des principalles de danser avec luy . . . . . , laquelle estoit de formosité non pareille; et si es-

toit belle, enchores avoit-elle plus de grâce, sage maintien, bien entretenant, et de l'éloquence d'une Pallas. Estant bien le bon seigneur avec si belle et noble compaignie de déesses, demy-déesses, nymphes, adryades et demy-adryades, si bien devisans et avec la dame dessus dite, qu'ils luy tenoient des propos beaulx et honnestes, ne se povoit tenir de gecter grans soupirs procédans du profond de son noble cueur, pensant à la tant heureuse félicité et joye qu'il avoit en son royaume des dames et demoyselles tant belles et pudiques estans avec madame sa mère en gros nombre, d'avoir l'autorité et commandement de commander à ses gentils hommes, ou gentilhomme, tel q'il luy plaisoit dedire: tel, allez danser à une telle, et après

la passade donnez-luy une gaillarde, et me ferez grant plaisir si vous la povez lasser . . . . . Allant dansant par la salle où estoient lesdites dames et demoyselles, devisant de l'une maintenant et à l'autre après, l'une poussant, l'autre boutant, et faire plusieurs autres esbatemens, et lors se veoir estre prisonnier. Il ne fault demander que faisoit ung noble cueur, c'estoit à faire gros soupirs et lamentacions secretz au moins mal que luy estoit possible. Toutes foys, ne le povoit faire si secrètement que l'évidence n'en vînt à la dame qui l'entretenoit, qui parloit son castillan tant et si doulcement que ledit seigneur l'entendoit bien, le reconfortant et disant ses paroles:

"'Sire, il vous fait mal d'estre ici en si

grande subjection, où n'avez puissance, sinon comme ung prisonnier; mays, comme une des principalles de la compaignie, vostre majesté royale ne nous sauroit commander choze que ne faissions pour vous, et par ainsi faire resjouissez-vous; car, ainsi que je puys entendre, ne demourerez guerre prisonnier, car l'Empereur vous renvoyra bientost en vostre royaume, lequel, comme l'on dit, est le plus beau et le plus fructueux que point n'y ait sur la terre.'

". . . . . Sur la fin de ce propos survint une belle nymphe aornée de beaulx aornemens, les cheveulx aux rains, pendans, jusques sur les tallons, liez et acoustrez à la castillane, l'estomac desçouvert, blanc comme l'albastre, ung visaige riant, ung

nès actraictif, une petite bouche et lèvres couralines, son coul garny d'ung colleral triple de perles et dyamans reluysans comme le soleil, qui avoit ung parler tout doux et begnyn que plus ne pouroit, laquelle se adressa au Roy après luy avoir fait trois révérences jusques à terre, proféra les parolles qui s'ensuyvent en son castillan: 'Sacrée majesté et très chrestien roy Françoys, j'ay charge et commission de la part des dames et demoyselles de ceste noble ville et cité de Vallance de te donner de par ellos l'honnour et révérance qui te appartient, et que tu es le très bien venu, veu que si elles te peuvent faire service et honneur, elles sont à ton commandement.'

"Le Roy la renvoya très gracieusement,

et lesdites dames. Ladite nymphe l'eust volontiers supplié de dancer, mays elle n'osa : ains prins congié de luy et laissa la dame dessusdite pour dancer. Ainsi, demourant le Roy en la bonne ville et cité de Vallance le Grant, fut resjouy par les dames dessus dites, qui le visitoent chaque jour les unes après les autres, à grandes troppes et assemblées, luy envoyans plusieurs présens beaux et somptueux, et confitures, tant aromatisées que liquides, et d'autres nobles gentillesses, luy donnant passe-temps de commédies, dances, carolles et esbatemens. Brief, les Vallenciens et les Vallenciennes . . . . . feirent leur devoir tels qu'ilz peurent pour avoir honneur et gloire à jamais dudit seigneur, afin, quant il seroit de retour en son noble royaume,

en fist quelque récist à leur louange et honneur perpétuelles.

"Enfin quand l'ordre de quitter Vallence fut arrivé, en suyvant les lettres et vouloir de l'Empereur, fut advisé de monter à cheval et demeurer ledit seigneur en la ville et chasteau de Madrid .... Les principaulx gentilshommes, dames et damoyselles estans advertys du brief partement dudit seigneur, allèrent prendre congié de sa majesté, entre les autres la maison de la ville, dont l'ung principal d'iceulx luy deist qu'il leur voulaist pardonner s'il n'avoit esté recueilly et festoyé ainsy qu'il luy appartenoit à sa majesté royalle, le suppliant les avoir pour excusés. Les dames principalles qui luy avoient tenu propos avec luy, et mesme-

ment une noble dame accomplie de touctes vertuz, qui souvent lui tenoit propos, lui dist en cette manière

"'Sire, j'ai charge des dames et demoyselles de ceste cité prendre congié pour touctes de vostre majesté, parce que nous avons entendu que bientost yrez plus avant aux Espaignes (dont il estoit bien adverty). Il vous plaira, de vostre bonne grâce, de nous excuser touctes, si nous ne vous avons recueilly et gratiffié comme il appartient à vostre très haulte, très illustre, très puissante et magnanime puissance : si prendrons nous congié de vous, et prions touctes Dieu de vous donner la grâce de retourner bientost à joye, santé, et prospérité et longue vie, en vostre noble et très glorieux royaume."

E.

Extraits d'un manuscrit de la Bibliothèque nationale, à Madrid, intitulé: "Relacion de lo sucedido en la prison de Francisco I.," por el Capitan Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdez (1).

"Viernes, diez y seis de febrero, partieron de Madrid el emperador y el rey de Francia, y fueron cuatro leguas á dormir á Torrejon de Velasco, lugar del conde de Puño en Rostro, á una fortaleza muy buena que en aquella villa ay. Y este mesmo dia, la reyna de Francia y la reyna Germana partieron de Tolédo, y fueron seis leguas á dormir á Illescas, villa del arzobispo de Toledo, que está á dos leguas de la dicha Torrejon de Velasco. Y otro

dia, sábado siguiente, partieron el emperador y el rey de Francia de Torrejon después que oyeron misa, y fueron á Illescas, donde las reynas estavan, y llevaba el emperador á su mano derecha al rey de Francia; y fuéronse á apear á una casa muy cerca de aquella donde las reynas estavan, en las casas de Luis de Herrera. Y al tiempo que entraron en la posada el emperador y el rey con los chapeos en las manos, el uno al otro se requirieron de cortesia sobre cual entraria primero; en fin el emperador entró delante, y comieron cada uno en su aposento. Y después que ovieron comido, salieron de la posada, y fuéronse á pié á la de las reynas; y en saliendo de la puerta con los chapeos en las manos, porfiaron un

poco por cual ira á la mano derecha: en fin el emperador fué á la mano derecha, y ansi entraron en la casa donde las reynas los atendian, y subieron la escalera; y las reynas estavan en pié en un corredor, esperándolos, á la puerta de la escalera. Y como el emperador llegó delante, quitó su chapeo, y hizo una gran reverencia de pié á su hermana; ella le hizo otra muy baja. En continente el emperador hizo otra á la reyna Germana; ella hizo otra á Su Majestad. A todo esto el rey de Francia estava quedo, y su chapeo en la cabeza, dos ó tres pasos desviado. Y luego que se hizo lo que es dicho, el emperador y las reynas volvieron los rostros hácia el rey, el cual se quitó el chapeo, y hizo á su esposa una gran reve-

rencia de pié, y ella otra á el muy vaxa. Estando á dos pasos el uno del otro, la reyna se hincó de rodillas, y le pidió la mano; el rey le dixo: "No os he de dar sino la boca," y la abrazó y hesó, y se dió por todos los cavalleros una grita, mostrando mucho regocijo. Y hecho esto, el rey hizo otra gran reverencia a la reyna Germana; ella le hizo otra muy baxa; y luégo todas aquellas señoras y damas de entrambas reynas llegaron á besar las manos al rey, y algunas selas besavan, y él las abrazava, y á muchas no las dava. Después tomó de la mano á la reyna su esposa, y el emperador á la reyna Germana, y á la par todos cuatro, con mucho placer, se entraron de los corredores á una sala, y de alli en una cuadra donde

estuvieron hasta dos horas poco mas ó menos tiempo: y danzaron algunos cavalleros y damas. Hecho esto, salieron el emperador y el rey, y las reynas con ellos, hasta la puerta del corredor, é con sendas reverencias se despidieron, y el emperador y el rey cavalcaron y se fueron á dormir á la dicha fortaleza de Torrejon de Velasco. El emperador llevó á su mano derecha al rey. Y otro dia siguiente, domingo, tornaron el emperador y el rey de Francia á Illescas, y vinieron ambos dentro en una litera; y fueron al palacio donde las reynas estavan; y ovo fiesta de danza, y danzó la reyna de Francia con la marquesa del Cenete, y luego danzaron otros cavalleros y damas; y duró la fiesta mas de cuatro horas. El rey de Francia

se despidió de la reyna su esposa y de la reyna Germana, y se fué con el emperador, en la dicha litera en que vinieron ambos juntos, á dormir á Torrejon de Velasco; y las reynas se quedaron en Illescas. Lunes siguiente, veinte de febrero,* se despidieron el emperador y el rey de Francia el uno del otro; y el rey se fué á Madrid, y el emperador se fué á Illescas á se despedir de las reynas, y estuvo alli aquel dia é el siguiente."

* The author is here in error in the date.

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Articles of Peace between France and Spain, concluded at Madrid on the 14th January, 1526.

"IN THE NAME OF GOD—

"1.—It is agreed there shall be a sincere and perpetual peace between the aforesaid mighty monarchs, the Emperor and the King of France.

"2.—That there be free trade and commerce between the subjects of both Crowns.

"3.—That the King of France do, within six weeks after he is set at liberty, restore to the Emperor the Dukedom of Burgundy, and all the lands and possessions of the Lord Charles, Duke of Burgundy.

"4.—That forasmuch as the King of

France alleges the agreement cannot be performed till he is at liberty, therefore the King shall be set at liberty on the 10th of March next coming; but at the same moment of time he shall deliver, as hostages for its performance, his two eldest sons—that is, the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, or else only the Dauphin and twelve noblemen of France, named by the Emperor.

"5.—His Most Christian Majesty shall renounce the Kingdom of Naples, the States of Milan and Genoa, the Earldom of Aste, the cities of Arras, Tournay, and Tournanes; the towns of Mortain and St. Maure, with his right to the Chastelaine of Lisle, Douay and Orchies, and the town and castle of Hedin.

"6.—That there be a league offensive and defensive between the two Crowns.

"7.—That, for the further security of peace, His Most Christian Majesty marry Eleanor, the Emperor's eldest sister, and widow to the King of Portugal.

"8.—Within six weeks at furthest, after the King shall be set at liberty, he shall restore Charles, Duke of Bourbon, and his friends, followers, and allies, to all their possessions, lands, and moveables, and a general amnesty shall be granted for all offences past, and all process against any of them stopped."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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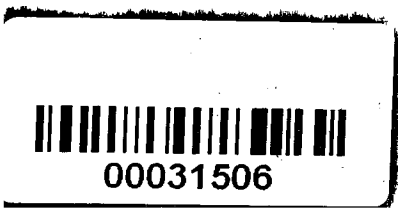

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